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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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MACEDONIANS SHOOT RUSSIAN AT COLEGROVE

George Colleft Wounded in Abdomen on Monday.

VICTIM PROBABLY WILL RECOVER.

Two Shots Fired, One Taking Effect—The Would-be Murderers Escape—Quarreled Over Money Matters—Victim Removed to the County Home.

At about one o'clock Monday afternoon the usually quiet neighborhood of Colegrove was startled by two reports from a revolver followed by the announcement that a man had been shot in front of Chas. A. Anderson's store. People rushed from the store to find George Colleft, a Russian who could speak very little English, lying on the ground and bleeding profusely from a gunshot wound in his abdomen.

As soon as their victim fell the would-be assassins turned and ran for the woods. They started up the big hill southeast of the store and before anyone thought to make an attempt to stop them they were out of sight.

A telephone message was sent to Smethport to Sheriff Mitchell and Dr. Hamilton was summoned to attend the injured man. Sheriff Mitchell and a number of deputies were soon on their way in S. F. Redfield's automobile and District Attorney Mayo, an interpreter and the writer followed a little later in S. E. Bell's car.

Upon our arrival we found that Dr. Hamilton had made a hurried examination of the wounded man and after probing for the bullet without finding it decided that it would be best to dress the wound and remove the man to the County Home before making a further examination. The bullet had entered about three inches to the left and one inch above the navel and had taken a downward course, probably lodging in the flesh in the back.

We saw the victim at the Pennsylvania railroad depot and he looked remarkably well for one who had so narrowly escaped death. He was sitting on a bench, looking rather pale for one of his nationality, but did not seem to be suffering any pain. When questioned he said that one of his assailants owed him $8 and when he asked him for it hot words followed and then they shot at him. Through the interpreter it was learned that they were Macedonians and that each had fired at him at short range, one bullet going wild. Celon is the name of the one who inflicted the wound and Elia Sftan is the name of the other.

The only other eye-witness to the shooting was a boy about twelve or fourteen years of age from Mt. Jewett who was driving a horse for a traveling salesman. This boy was holding the horse in front of Anderson's store and was diagonally across the road from where the shooting occurred. He said he heard the three talking loud in a foreign tongue and saw a shot fired at Colleft by each of the men.

As soon as possible after the shooting constable Timmerman was notified and, in company with Frank Blomster, he took up the trail.

Others were stationed near the camp where these men had worked and more were stationed along the roads. Telephone messages were sent to all the near by towns giving their descriptions and early that evening a man was arrested as a suspect at Port Allegany, but was released after the officer talked with District Attorney Mayo over the telephone.

Later in the afternoon Deputy Sheriff Morrison, District Attorney Mayo, Mr. Bell, the writer and Chauffeur Martin drove farther up the creek to warn the people of that section to be on the lookout for two foreigners of medium height one weighing about 140 pounds and the other about 160, dark complexions, smooth faces, hatless and coatless, wearing blue shirts, dark trousers and suspenders. When we reached Rifle's corners Fred Rifle informed the party that two such men had been seen going along the fence on the hill near the woods in the direction of the Emporium road about a half hour previous and the same information was given the party by a boy at Andrew Bush's. This looked as though we were hot on the trail and Chauffeur Martin made some fast time up the road for a few miles, but not even a man's track could be found. Two of this party patrolled this road until dark while the auto returned for recruits. At 7:30 Constable Timmerman and three deputies arrived prepared to spend the night in that vicinity, which they did, but their long watch was fruitless.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

Explosion Near Kane.

A dispatch from Kane dated Sept. 7, says: "At 7 o'clock this morning a terrific explosion occurred which shook Kane and vicinity with the force of a seismic disturbance. It was a nitro-glycerine explosion and Leslie Thompson, one of the best known shooters in the business, was blown to atoms. Fred Houber of Bradford narrowly escaped a like fate.

The magazine of the Dupont Powder company, located two miles south of Kane, was blown to the four winds, nothing being left to mark its site but a hole in the ground. Thompson's team of horses and his wagon were likewise destroyed.

Mr. Thompson was in charge of the Dupont Powder Co.'s business in the Kane oil fields and vicinity, and to-day he had orders to shoot two wells located some distance from here in the Burning Well district. Thompson sent for Fred Houber of Bradford, an employe of the company, to assist him. Both men were up early and with their teams repaired to the magazine. Houber's wagon was loaded first and he started off to shoot one of the wells. He had driven about a quarter of a mile from the magazine when the explosion took place. He drove back immediately and the spectacle of ruin which presented itself to his gaze was horrifying.

But a few bones and scraps of flesh were left of the man, who, a few minutes before he had left in the full possession of life, health and energy. Thompson's team, a fine pair of horses, were torn and mutilated horribly; the wagon was wrecked and but little of it was left.

Houber drove to a storage magazine and unloaded his supply of explosive. He went back to Kane and announced that he had shot his last well.

Nobody knows what caused the explosion. It is presumed that Thompson either dropped a can of the explosive or was mixing a compound—a new explosive that is considered less dangerous than the old mixture—when it "let go."

"Les" Thompson was aged about 55 years and for [illegible] years he had followed the nitro-glycerine business. For over 20 years he had resided in Kane and was well known and highly esteemed. He leaves a wife, who for some time has been a patient in an asylum for the insane. A son lives in California.

Thompson had experienced in the past many dangers as a glycerine shooter and manufacturer, but always had escaped.

The Dupont Powder Co. officials regarded him as one of the most trustworthy and efficient of its employes. They gave orders to-day to have all funeral expenses charged to them. The funeral will take place here Wednesday.

Funeral of John Barrett.

The funeral of John Leslie Barrett, who was choked to death and robbed in this borough on Tuesday night, Sept. 1, was held on Friday last at 2 p. m. from the Grimes church, near Port Allegany, Rev. Peter Bowers officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in the Grimes cemetery.

He is survived by a loving wife and nine children, an aged mother three sisters and four brothers namely Mrs. Mary Realey of Warsaw, Mrs. Anna Lane, Rochester, Mrs. Nora Pattison of Niagara Falls, James Barrett, who is in the U. S. Navy, William, Robert and Frank Barrett of Warsaw, N. Y. all of whom deeply mourn his loss.

Those who knew him best, say that he was an honest, hardworking man who was always kind and loving to his family and respected by those whom he became well acquainted. He was a man who seldom drank anything to speak of, as the report of the autopsy proves, and it is not generally believed by his friends that he was visibly intoxicated when he met his untimely death.

The taking away of John Barrett in this manner is extremely sad and his sorrowing family has the sincere sympathy of all who know the circumstances.

Death of Mrs. J. R. Townsend.

A letter from Harry L. Wilson conveyed the sad intelligence that Mittie A., relict of the late Joseph R. Townsend died at her home in Bridgeton, N. J., on Tuesday Sept. 1 and that the funeral was to be held from her late home on Friday, Sept. 4.

Upwards of twenty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Townsend resided at Clermont for a long time and during this time they made many firm friends here. Mrs. Townsend was the possessor of that charm which drew all who knew her to her and one of those pure, sweet and lovable dispositions which made her acquaintances faithful loving friends. She often visited Smethport and a host of friends will join with her relatives in deeply mourning the loss of a thoroughly good woman. She is survived by one son.

Excursion via Shawmut Line to Riverhurst and Rock City, Sunday, September 13th, 1908.

Sunday, September 13th, P., S. & N. will run excursion to Riverhurst and Rock City Parks. Train leaves Smethport 11:13 a. m. Round trip fare to Riverhurst 75c, to Rock City $1.00.

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.

Samuel Burrows and Lewis Clark Have Stolen Farm Utensils in Their Possession.

Last Friday morning Allen and Ghordis Oviatt, who live on the Farmers Valley road in Keating township came to town and stated that a number of farm utensils had been stolen from their premises during the previous night. They had tracked the supposed thieves some distance down the road, but decided to come back to Smethport and procure the services of a constable.

Constable Foote and E. W. Jones together with the Oviatt brothers, armed with search warrants, again took up the trail, which led them to the home of Samuel Burrows and Lewis Clark, near Larabee. There they found a scythe and snath, a crowbar, a canthook and a pitchfork which Allen Oviatt identified as his property and some trace chains, harness lines and a double-bitted axe which Ghordis Oviatt identified as his property.

Burrows and Clark were placed under arrest and brought to Smethport, together with the above described property, where they were given a hearing before Justice Gleason. After hearing the evidence he held both for the next term of criminal court in the sum of $200 each in each case, in default of which they were remanded to jail to await trial. Clark is said to be a grandson of Burrows.

Woman Shot Herself.

Mrs. Edward Burdick shot herself Monday with suicidal intent and her death is expected to ensue. The shooting occurred at 10:30 a. m. in the woman's home here, in the vicinity of the traction road's terminal, and during the absence of her husband. He was at work in a chemical plant at Custer City and when he left the house in the morning there was nothing in his wife's manner or conduct to indicate that she intended to put an end to her existence. With a 32-calibre revolver she deliberately fired a bullet into her left breast. It was her purpose, no doubt, to shoot herself in the heart, but her aim was not accurate and the bullet took a downward course passing in the stomach.

Neighbors who heard the report of the revolver investigated and found Mrs. Burdick in a serious condition. They at once sent for the husband and Dr. Egbert of Custer City was also summoned. The physician did not try to remove the bullet—having come to the conclusion that it was a fatal shot; one which would end the woman's life.

Dr. Egbert asked Mrs. Burdick why she had committed the act and the reply was that she did not know why she had shot herself.

Mrs. Burdick and her husband formerly lived at Olivedale in this county, where some years ago the woman figured in a shocking tragedy. A man named Ryan, employed as a woodsman, was killed by her and she was arrested and tried in Smethport on the charge of murder. The story which she told upon the stand secured her acquittal. She testified that Ryan had attempted to commit an outrageous assault upon her and that while she was in his clutches she reached from a bed upon which she had been thrown and securing a revolver from a stand nearby shot and killed him. Whether brooding over that experience had anything to do with Monday's shooting is unknown. The Burdicks have no children. Mrs. Burdick is a middle-aged woman.

A telephone message late last night stated that Mrs. Burdick was still alive and suffering severely. It was thought that she would probably live through the night, but owing to the severity of the injury there was no hope of her recovery.—Bradford Era.

Another Tennis Cup for Smethport.

In the annual Cambridge Springs tennis tournament held at the Hotel Rider the Singles Runner-up Cup was won this year by Charles E. McCoy of this place. The tournament began on Saturday, Sept. 5th, and was continued and finished Monday, Sept. 7th. The Runner up Cup is awarded to the loser of the final match. The winner receiving the championship cup.

Mr. McCoy's first match was played against Waha of Erie who, in the N. W. Pa. tournament at Warren, proved to be his most formidable opponent. Waha, who has been playing much since his defeat at Warren, showed far better form than upon the former occasion. McCoy, however, won the match after a desperate struggle, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4.

Directly after this match McCoy faced Billings of Erie, who has held the N. W. Pa. championship singles cup since 1906. Billings proved an easy victim and was defeated in straight sets 6-3 6-3.

On Monday morning McCoy met Cleveland of Erie, who put up such a plucky fight against Lane of Bellefonte at the Warren tournament. His match against McCoy gave promise of considerable excitement and close playing, but he showed lack of speed and poor judgment from the start and was defeated 7-5, 6-4.

In the meantime Walz of Pelham, a guest at the Rider, had defeated Roberts of Cleveland and E. C. Eppley, one of the operators of the hotel. Eppley is a very clever player and was picked to win the cup, he having won it several times before. Walz's powerful serve and excellent physical condition proved too much for Eppley and he was defeated in a hard three set match.

The finals in singles were played off by Walz and McCoy Monday afternoon, both having played at doubles and singles all day. Walz proved the stronger of the two and being more familiar with the courts, which had very short back nets, had developed a very accurate lobbing game. McCoy's best play is in hitting the ball on the bounce; but this game proved ineffective against his opponent's high, deep lobs. The score in the finals was 8-6, 6-3, 6-2. Each man received a handsome silver cup.

Dr. Baker.

Dr. Charles C. Baker died on Sunday afternoon at the residence of his son, Dr. E. R. Baker, at the age of 83 years and about ten months.

He was born near Farmers Valley, Jefferson county, November 21st in the year 1824. When he was young he took up the study of medicine and practiced as a regular physician for about fifty years. He first practiced at Farmers Valley and then for 25 years at Clarington after which he practiced at Sigel.

Dr. Baker was a strong character and one of those heroic men of the early days who did so much to advance the well being of society intellectually, professionally and religiously. He was well read and abreast of the thought of the day until very near the close of his life. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and the religious spirit pervaded his whole life and did much to enhance the value of the fine qualities which he possessed by nature. His interest in religious work was shown in the fact that for a number of years he was a local preacher.

His residence in this place covered only the past twelve years while he made his home with his son. Besides his wife he leaves four children: Mrs. Della Teaman of Brookville, Mrs. Emma Platt of Franklin, Dr. W. A. Baker of Kane and Dr. E. R. Baker of this place.

The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at four o'clock and were in charge of the Rev. W. A. Harris. On Tuesday morning the body was taken to Clarington for burial.

Anti-injunctions.

Attorney General Wade H. Ellis of Ohio, who was a member of the committee on resolutions of the Republican national convention, makes the following reply to the criticisms of the platform made by W. J. Bryan. The attorney general says in part:

"The charge made by Mr. Bryan that the Republican declaration with respect to the use of the writ of injunction was designed to deceive the laboring man is unworthy of a candidate for president, and the further charge that this plank merely declares the existing law and will give no relief in those cases in which there has been an abuse or discretion or the apprehension of it is unworthy of any lawyer who has examined the question.

"The anti-injunction resolution is a frank, clear statement of the Republican party's position on a question on which others have been attempting to deceive labor. The sole basis of any rational complaint as to the issuance of injunctions in labor cases has been the use of the writ without notice and the long delays in some instances which have intervened before a hearing of the case.

"The present statute does not require any notice at all before the granting of a temporary order, and it is entirely within the discretion of the court to postpone to any time the judge may see fit the hearing upon the question of an injunction. The Republican plank simply declares that notice shall always be given unless an irreparable injury will result from delay, and in that case there shall be a speedy hearing provided. It will meet the approval of every right-thinking man, whether an employer or an employee."

Taft and Labor.

When on the bench Judge Taft said:

That employees have a right to form labor unions.

That such unions are a benefit to labor and to the public.

That they have the right to join with other unions.

That the accumulation of a fund to aid in a strike is right.

That employees have a right to strike whenever any of the terms of their employment are unsatisfactory.

Mr. Gompers says Judge Taft is opposed to organized labor. Mr. Gompers has done a lot of talking in his time and has been a very prolific writer, but in all he has said or in all he has written he has never given organized labor a more unqualified indorsement than Judge Taft gave when on the bench.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver: do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

LAST CALL FOR McKEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES

Everything is in Readiness for the Big Event Next Week.

MANY RACE HORSES ARE COMING

A Big Meeting is Certain—Larger Crowds Than Ever Expected Good Clean Sport Every Single Minute

Unless all signs fail the Fourth Annual McKean County Fair and Races will far outshine anything of the sort ever held in this section of the country and everybody who possibly can should be in Smethport on Tuesday, Sept. 15, prepared to stay until Friday night, September 18.

During the past week R. W. Hilton, F. L. Sherburne, B. T. Garlick and J. L. Morrison have been at several fairs in this section lining up horses and Midway attractions for our fair and they report great success. J. L. Morrison, who returned from Hamburg last night, informed the writer this morning that he had got 22 horses and 12 shows to come from that place and he went back again to-day for more. R. W. Hilton was at Cuba yesterday and secured most of the good attractions there this week. Sherburne and Garlick also report great success along this line, which is the best kind of assurance that the races and Midway will be all that anyone could ask for.

So large will be the Midway that the managers are making preparations to extend its limits clear up to the cattle sheds and even at that it looks as though there might be a lack of room. And if all the horses that have been entered put in an appearance the stable room will be taxed to its full capacity.

The Port Allegany band and the famous Seneca Indian band, composed of full-blooded Indians, have been secured for the musical end. With the Indian band comes the well-known Seneca Indian lacrosse teams, which will give exhibitions every day during the fair. The Indian band will be here two days, but which days have not yet been decided.

The hurdle running races and the motorcycle races will be a new thing to the people of this vicinity and should prove a great drawing card. Our track is wide and well banked and some fast time is looked for in the motorcycle races. We have been assured that miles will be made in less than two minutes in these races.

The track, which is recognized by horsemen as one of the best this side of Buffalo, is in better condition than ever and that is saying a good deal. Water for track and all other purposes will be supplied from good wells, so there is no danger of a scarcity.

Every booth has been taken for the display of manufactured articles which is ample proof that this department will be well up to the standard.

From all parts of the county come reports more encouraging than ever before for a large exhibit of all kinds of grain and garden products.

The live stock exhibit, although confined to McKean county stock, promises to be larger than ever before. In printing the premium list the following classes in the Swine Department were omitted, but premiums will be paid on them corresponding with the others in this department. They are: Class 53—Grade Duroc or Red; Class 54—Berkshires; Class 55—Grade Berkshires; Class 56—Yorkshires. If you have any stock which would come under these classes bring them to the fair for they will be judged and premiums paid on them the same as last year.

The Interscholastic contests promise to be one of the leading features of the fair and interest in these events is growing daily.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 5, 1908:

C. R. Farger, A. O. Freeman, Acett Moeper, Edward M. Payne, Rev. Father Rizzo, Miss Elna Stoneberg (2), Petar Miteft.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use with nozzle attached. Soothes, heals reduces itching and inflammation. An operation for piles will not be necessary if you use ManZan. Price 50c. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Students are admitted at any time during the year to any of the courses. Fall term opens Sept. 8, 1908. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

"Ben Hur."

General Lew Wallace's stirring romance, "Ben Hur," which has been acclaimed the greatest achievement in all theatrical history and praised by an enthusiastic press with encomiums absolutely without parallel, will inaugurate a limited engagement at the New Bradford Theatre on Thursday evening, Oct. 1. Three evening performances will be given and a special matinee on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 3. More than 300 people are engaged in the production while ten 60-foot baggage cars are necessary to transport the scenic and mechanical equipment from point to point.

This mighty drama from the pen of the distinguished soldier statesman-author is one of the most vivid pictures of human emotion ever placed before the public.

To best describe "Ben Hur," reference should be made to it as a series of magnificent pictures illustrating the time of the Messiah on earth. Scene after scene, triumphs of stage art that utilize every inch of space of the stage of the theatre, follow each other in rapid succession, and with so little delay that those unacquainted with the problems that confront those in charge of such a gigantic spectacle must wonder at the marvelous perfection that has been attained in manipulating scenic effects, while those who know the limitations of the stage are dumfounded.

"Ben Hur" has won the esteem of millions of theatregoers and is an entertainment to which people can go again and again. All classes are its patrons and many persons whose religious inclinations are such that theatre-going is not a usual pastime with them, turn with pleasure and eagerness to this stirring dramatic spectacle. The reason is not difficult to discover. While the Wallace story in its stage form is made outwardly one of the most elaborate spectacles, its spectacular features do not force the story told into a subservient position. While the eye may be dazzled and the ear pleased, the appeal to the mind is the ever present factor. "Ben Hur" is a drama broad in outline, mighty in its claim for sympathy and beautifully dignified in its presentation.

The sale of seats for the engagement begins at the New Bradford Theatre box office on Monday, Sept. 28, when tickets for any of the four performances will be obtainable. Mail orders will be promptly filled in the order of their receipt, when accompanied by remittance after the opening of the seat sale.

The scale of prices will range from 50c to $2.00, and all communications should be addressed to the manager of the New Bradford Theatre, Bradford, Pa.

Criticism of the "Barber of Seville"

Concerning the John Dunsmore Opera Co. which will present "The Barber of Seville" at the Smethport Lyceum on Thursday evening Sept. 17. The Toronto Globe of recent date prints the following appreciative review:

The Dunsmore English Opera Company, presented at the Princess Theatre last night Rossini's opera comique, "The Barber of Seville," which has not been heard in this city since several years ago it was given by the Grand Opera Company with a cast that included Sembrich, Edouard de Reszke and Campanari. On rehearing the opera last night one felt sad, for a moment on thinking over the lot of rubbish we have heard for the last ten years in the name of comic opera from American and English sources. From a musical point of view the comic operas of the old Italian and French composers have not yet been approached in merit, in spontaneity and the grace of melody, or even in suggestion of humor, so far as music is capable of suggesting humor. The Dunsmore Opera Company is not a big company, but "The Barber of Seville" does not require a cast of more than seven or eight people and the organization has every one of the characters well impersonated both vocally and dramatically. Mr. John Dunsmore, who took the role of the music master, Basilio, proved a veritable surprise to the audience. He has a remarkably fine, sonorous, even bass voice, and sings with rare finish and clearness of delivery. Mme. Baldini showed herself to be quite competent to render the music of Rossini. She has the agility of the high soprano voice with the mezzo-soprano timbre. Mme. Baldini, of course, made a triumph in her aria, "Una voce poco fa." She took the recognized traditional license in the music lesson scene by interpolating Arditi's "Il Bacio" waltz and Schubert's "Serenade," which were received with great enthusiasm. The original trio, which Rossini wrote for this scene, was, it is said, lost and consequently an excuse has been given for interpolations which are often incongruous. During the intermission Mr. Jacques Kingsbergen, an excellent violinist from the Metropolitan opera house, New York, played Sarasate's "Zigeunerwiesen" and Svendsen's "Romanza" with beauty of tone and exceptional clearness and technique.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Natalie of the Neighborhood House.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Neighborhood House was Natalie's charity by inheritance. Her mother had founded it and had met the deficiencies in its exchequer from time to time. Natalie was not sentimental, but her mother's pathetic anxiety about Neighborhood House during her last illness had touched the girl, whose life had been devoted to the pursuit of pleasure.

Why Natalie should turn to the Neighborhood House in her hour of hurt pride only Providence could explain. To her the working girls toward whose comfort, education and pleasure her checks had contributed might as well have been in Persia or China, so little did she know them. In a vague sort of way she thought of them as moles who came out of their holes at night and blinkingly, even dully, enjoyed such pleasure as women of her kind provided for them.

So when she came upon Maggie Connolly face downward in the pillow of a cozy corner on that hot June Saturday, when all the rest of the Neighborhood girls had gone picnicking, she stood looking down upon the tearful one with strange, brooding eyes.

"My dear girl," she began, with that gentle air of patronage which is the veriest cruelty of the rich toward the sensitive souls among the poor, "what has happened? Have you hurt yourself? Have you lost your job?"

MAGGIE STARED AT HER, SPEECHLESS WITH WONDER.

Maggie—was [illegible] democratic! She [illegible] Miss Natalie Burgess [illegible] what she was doing there.

"Tom Devery's [illegible] with that [illegible] of [illegible] Polly Maguire [illegible], will you?"

"But you must know lots of other young men who would be glad to take you to the beach. I saw them hanging on the cars like flies."

Maggie, who had wiped her eyes, now turned her scornful gaze upon the would be comforter.

"I don't want to go with those fellows. I want just Tom."

The sudden break in her voice, the sudden gathering of mist over her blue eyes, brought revelation to the petted daughter of millions.

"I want just Tom."

It was like an echo from the night before.

Not that she had put it into words. Not that she had so much as admitted to herself that she wanted to see Thomas Witherspoon Brainard. But suddenly, like a flash of lightning across a dark landscape, she saw the panorama of her own heart.

She wanted Tom, the other tall clean cut Tom, and she had always wanted him.

"What comes between you and Tom?" she asked.

"What comes between us! What comes between every girl like me and what she wants—trouble. Working overtime till I'm that ugly you can't cross your fingers at me, and the two children sick at home, and mother taking all I earn—I know she can't help that—and me so shabby in clothes no man would want to take me to the beach, and Tom is that particular. And Polly Maguire—she can spend all her wages on herself. She's got a new organdie that you can see through to the pink slip. Oh!"

"But if she's wearing that to the beach she is dressed in very poor taste," said Natalie severely. "And a man who won't [illegible] you because your clothes are shabby is really not worth fretting for."

Maggie sat up very straight.

"What do you know about wanting clothes? I bet you've got a dress for every day in the year, and when he comes you have an awful time thinking which one he'd like best, 'cause you've got so many. But when you haven't one good dress to your name and things go wrong at the factory—and, well, I said a few things and he said some, and he threw me down."

For a few moments Natalie Burgess sat quietly stroking the head of her newly acquired acquaintance and who had once more retired to the questionable comfort of the cushion. Then very gently she said:

"Don't cry any more, Maggie. I guess being thrown down is something most women have to bear some time in their lives. It was not a question of dress with me, and I am quite sure I said nothing. We never had a word. He just left town and never even said goodby."

Maggie stared at her, speechless with wonder. Her own troubles were forgotten. Some man had "thrown down" this radiant creature in soft gray silk and shimmery plumes!

"We are going to my house, Maggie, and find a dress for you that will quite outshine Polly's organdie, because it will be much more appropriate; and then we are going to the picnic, and you are going to mingle with the young people as if Tom Devery did not exist, and when he comes to make up with you, as he surely will, you are going to meet him halfway. Do you understand?"

Talk about Cinderella and the ball! Her experiences were as nothing when compared to Maggie Connolly's trip that afternoon. The wonderful rows of clothes-presses which open when Miss Burgess' maid touched a button, the many linen frocks from which it was hard to select just the trimmest one for Maggie, and then the selection of shoes and hats and gloves, for the two girls were nearly of one size.

And at last the spin to the beach in Miss Burgess' car, the routing of Polly Maguire and the recapture of Tom Devery! In her excitement Maggie almost forgot her benefactress.

But Natalie did not forget Maggie and traced her through the Neighborhood House to her home.

Maggie's Tom had come back, and Maggie loved the whole world! So when Miss Burgess questioned her about working girls and their privations Maggie glowed and dilated on the good the Neighborhood House had done them all.

From the Neighborhood House and its privileges it was a short step to the need of a vacation hotel for girls, and almost before Maggie knew what happened she and Tom, now her abject slave, were whirled away one Saturday in Miss Burgess' machine to look over a neglected hotel estate in a once fashionable seaside colony.

Natalie Burgess knew the value of her money and she also knew the value of a shrewd assistant like Maggie, [illegible] understood girls and their [illegible] that the Neighborhood House opened a summer [illegible] at West Shore and Maggie O'Connolly resigned her part at the factory to become Natalie's representative in the new establishment.

"Natalie of the Neighborhood House," [illegible] laugh [illegible]

[illegible] Thomas Witherspoon Brainard found her one lovely fall day, shortly after his return from Vienna, where he had gone abroad to complete his medical studies.

The idea of Natalie, the self contained, hobnobbing with factory girls rather [illegible] his fancy.

Maggie was [illegible] the summer [illegible] Natalie was sitting in an open [illegible] at [illegible]. But she [illegible] her eyes bright [illegible] she turned to [illegible] Thomas Brainard.

Natalie [illegible] told Maggie that this was the psychological moment for her to pack up what few groceries were left in the storeroom. What happened during her absence is not necessary to set forth here, but as she slipped back to remind her patron that twilight was falling and the car was waiting to take them back to town she heard Thomas Witherspoon Brainard say contritely:

"Can you ever forgive me for imagining that you were a vain, selfish, useless sort of doll that could never understand or help a struggling physician? I don't deserve you, dearest. I was a thick headed fool!"

Maggie went out on the porch and sank upon the top step.

"Does the man live who throws you down that can't be won back?" she asked herself happily, for how could Maggie know that the glorious Natalie had [illegible] happiness through her humble self?

Still Searching.

He was young and debonair and was seen about the water front looking for an old sailor, says the Philadelphia Ledger. "Any old sailor will do," he remarked confidentially to a big man, to whom he stated the object of his quest, "because all I want is to have some [illegible] marks taken off my arm."

When the tug man informed him that those India ink pictures would stick closer to him than a blood relation and would be on his arm when his death certificate was filed the young fellow was aghast.

"What in the world am I going to do?" he asked in despair. "There's a heart and two arrows and a girl's initials on my arm, and I want to get them off. I've got to get rid of these letters anyway. The girl ran away last week with another fellow, and they're enjoying their honeymoon now. I must get another girl, and I don't want to sleep with a married woman's monogram just above my elbow."

The case was truly a pitiable one, and the generous heart of the tug man was touched.

"I'll tell you what you've got to do," he exclaimed as a happy thought struck him. "You must find another girl to fit those initials."

When last seen the tattooed man was in search of a damsel who could answer to the initials "M. A. J."

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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A PICTURE ROMANCE.

The Frame That Startled Delacroix In the Paris Salon.

Eugene Delacroix, founder of the French romantic school of art, was very poor in his youth. His first picture of note was his "Dante and Virgil," painted when he was only twenty years old. It was extremely large, containing several figures the size of life, and to buy the canvas and colors took all the money Delacroix had. A frame was out of the question, but a good natured carpenter gave the young artist four strips of lath, of which Delacroix made a rude framework for his masterpiece, which he then sent to the salon. But he had hardly a hope that his picture would be accepted.

On opening day Delacroix went to the salon, but failed to find his painting. He was wandering disconsolately about, when he noticed a great crowd before a picture. He drew near. It was his "Dante and Virgil." But it was in a magnificent, richly gilded frame, as fine a product of the picture mounter's art as could be found in Paris. Astonished, he sought Baron Gros, head of the examining committee. As soon as young Delacroix introduced himself Gros seized his hand and congratulated him with true Gallic enthusiasm. "But," stammered Delacroix, "how about that splendid frame? I had no money to frame it, and"—

"Make your mind easy," said the baron. "Your lath frame fell to pieces, but the committee was determined that such a chef-d'oeuvre as you have painted should be placed on exhibition, and we framed your 'Dante' at our own expense."—Exchange.

HISSING AND ENCORES.

Origin of These Two Customs of the Playhouse.

Hissing in playhouses had its origin in Paris in 1680 on the occasion of the presentation of Fontenelle's tragedy "Aspar." Prior to that time suffering audiences were wont to yawn audibly and fall asleep when the apathy of the actors and performances justified that course. But on this occasion the indignant audience, driven to desperation by the platitudes of Aspar, voiced their anger by hisses, which drove the actors into temporary retirement, according to the testimony of the poet Rol, who alludes to the incident in his "Procès de la Cabale." The hiss there after became fashionable.

The first encore recorded in the annals of the stage was accorded to Livius Andronicus, a Roman actor. He was popular with the public and was called back so often to repeat his speeches that he in self defense brought a boy [illegible] while he [illegible] the gestures. [illegible]

[illegible] to share his honors [illegible] adopted by the playgoing world.

Women Barbers.

In Gay's "Journey to Exeter," published in 1715, it is told how after passing "Morcombe's lake" the travelers reach Axminster, where they stop. The next morning

[illegible] the barber's [illegible]

A [illegible]

The [illegible]

And [illegible] her [illegible] hands

[illegible]

Soft as [illegible] the beard of Jove.

—London Notes and Queries.

American Success.

The reason of the enormous success of the Americans, the reason of their growing wealth and power on the continent of Europe, is their willingness to take risks. They are brave and are prepared to shoulder responsibility. When a merchant fails in business, banks are found to advance him money to put him on his feet again. Not so in England. A bankrupt is a pariah; the banks will not give him the least help. His failure creates a terrible fuss.—Frenchman in Pall Mall Gazette.

His Last Question.

The counsel for the opposition had been bullying the witness for an hour or more when he finally asked:

"Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?"

"It would be folly to deny it," replied the witness. "My great-grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer."

His Case.

Mrs. Spenders—Oh, John, I saw a sign in Bargain & Co.'s window today that reminded me of what I am most in—

Mr. Spenders—(interrupting hastily)—I, too, saw a sign in their window that reminded me of what I am. It read, "Reduced to 49 cents."—New York Journal.

Two Styles.

Thug—I'm going to land you one in de mug, see?

Professor Ex! How surprising it is that the clarity of expression so necessary to literary diction may at times be attained by the veriest paucity of those descriptive elements which have so enriched our language!—Chicago News.

Saw the Sights of the Town.

Resident—Have you seen the sights of the town?

Stranger—Yes. All morning I sat in the hotel front window watching them walk by.—Lippincott's.

No man who will not make an effort for himself need apply for aid to his friends.—Demosthenes.

Pineules for the Kidneys. 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pineules act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy Smethport.

MADE IN HEAVEN.

By T. BLAIR EATON.

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The bishop had just landed a bluefish. It was a big fish, and before it was finally hauled into the cockpit of the Sally B. it had displayed undoubted qualities of gameness that had warmed the cockles of the bishop's heart.

Therefore, as Jim Crocker, who always took the bishop out when he fished in Seneauessett bay, flattened down the sheet and headed the little catboat for the rips once more there was a seraphic smile on the bishop's intellectual face.

He stood with one foot on the seat paying out his line astern, his eyes taking in delightedly the sparkle and flash of the water and the little white clouds creeping up above the horizon.

Those clouds whispered of a smart breeze later on, and with the wind freshened a bit it would be an ideal day for fish. Anon the bishop turned to survey his latest catch, and each time as he did so he gave a little chuckle of satisfaction.

Suddenly there was a mighty tug at the line; astern was a flash of blue and silver as the fish leaped from the water. The bishop took a firmer hold on the line, and his eyes glowed with excitement.

"Ease her up a bit, Jim," he called to the man at the tiller. "Look at the fellow I've hooked this time. He's the father of them all!"

So engrossed was the bishop with his fish that he did not hear the quick panting of a gasoline engine, nor did he see the power boat tearing toward them, sending up twin waves of white spume at its bow.

Just as the second fish—and it was considerably larger than the first—was hauled aboard the Sally B. the coughing exhaust of the engine ceased and the power boat shot alongside.

There were two men in it: a big athletic young fellow with clean cut features who stood beside the wheel in the bow and a small, dark man, evidently the engineer, perched on the seat by the engine amidships.

"THAT'S THE MORNING BOAT TO THE ISLAND."

"Hello!" the big young man hailed them. "Is this Bishop Carrington's boat?"

"I am Bishop Carrington," said the bishop.

"Good," said the other, with much relief. "Bishop, I wish to goodness you'd have spread the news abroad last night that you were down here. It would have saved me no end of worry. As it is, we've time enough yet. I'm going to ask you to do me a favor, if you will—a very great favor. My name is Devereaux—John Henderson Devereaux. I think you knew my father very well."

"Look here," said the bishop, "are you Billy Devereaux's son?"

"The same," young Devereaux grinned.

"My boy," said the bishop heartily, "come aboard."

"There isn't time," said the younger man. "Bishop, as I said, I am going to ask a favor of you."

"Don't hesitate to do so," said the bishop graciously.

"I want you to come with me in the power boat to Dark Island."

"Well, well, well!" said the bishop, the while a frown wrinkled his brows. "That will be an hour's run in that boat of yours. Another, too, to get back here, and the fishing this morning is particularly good. Am I very necessary to your plans, whatever they are?"

The young man in the power boat leaned forward eagerly.

"Bishop," said he, "I just watched you land that last fish of yours, and the manner in which you did it told me—pardon my frankness—that you have a bit of sporting blood in your veins. Therefore I think this favor I am going to ask of you you'll grant me. I can get you to Dark Island in this craft in forty-five minutes by driving her, and we can get back home in the same time. I'll promise you won't be away from your fishing over two hours. Will you come?"

"You are Billy Devereaux's son," sighed the bishop. "For that reason I consent. Nothing else, I assure you, would take me from this fishing."

Reluctantly he climbed into the power boat. "I'll be back in two hours, Jim," he called to the boatman. He turned to the young man at the wheel. "Now, then, my fine kidnaper, make all speed for Dark Island, and while we are getting there suppose you tell me what is at the bottom of all this."

"A lady," said Devereaux simply as the boat went tearing across the bay.

"So I surmised," said the bishop dryly. "Do you mind telling me her name?"

"You probably know her," said the other. "It's Margaret Sterling."

"Yes, I know her," said the bishop. "Now a few details, if you please."

"Of course you know her aunt, Mrs. Bradbury?" said the younger man.

"I do," said the bishop with a certain grim emphasis.

Young Devereaux pointed to a trail of smoke just above the southern horizon.

"You see that smoke?" he asked. "Well, that's the morning boat to the island. On that boat are Margaret's aunt and Sir William Winterham, with all his titles trailing him. He arrived from England yesterday, and Mrs. Bradbury is bringing him up here to the Crags. The rest is obvious. Mrs. Bradbury's word is law with Margaret, who has lived with her aunt all her life. It's a splendid match from Mrs. Bradbury's point of view."

He paused.

"Go on," the bishop commanded.

"Well, I have different views on the subject," said Devereaux, with a sudden squaring of his broad shoulders that filled the bishop with secret admiration, "and down in her heart I am sure Margaret has too. When Mrs. Bradbury and Sir William, with all his distinctions, land at the steamboat pier, which is just in front of the Crags, I want Mrs. John Henderson Devereaux to be the first to greet them. That is the favor I want to ask of you. You catch my meaning, I trust?"

"Well, bless me!" said the amazed bishop. He sat silently for a time. Then "Bless me!" he said again. "The impudence of you—the astounding impudence!"

He began to chuckle softly.

"Is this boat going at her best speed?" he asked. "We've got to make Dark Island ahead of that steamer, I say we've got to."

The steamer was whistling off the island when the power boat shot up to the pier by the Crags, and the bishop and young Devereaux, scrambling out, hurried up the path to the summer house among the pines. As they reached the place a [illegible] girl came forward to meet them. Devereaux, breathless, but [illegible] wasted no time in greetings.

"[illegible]" he [illegible] my father's oldest friend, Bishop Carrington [illegible] before they [illegible]

"Oh," said the girl, flushing beautifully [illegible]

For the moment Miss Sterling was utterly bewildered. Then she turned to the bishop with a smile of comprehension.

"Are you quite ready, bishop?" she asked with quiet pride, taking her place by the young man's side.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here—" began the bishop in sonorous tones, when the steamboat whistle, sounding close to the pier, interrupted him.

"[illegible]" he said hurriedly. "The boat will be in before we can finish the complete service."

Five minutes later the bishop was congratulating the happy pair before him.

"And now," said he, a bit uneasily, "if you'll lend me your power boat and your engineer, John, I think I'll get back to the bay. The fishing is simply wonderful this morning, and—er—besides, I think it would perhaps be prudent under the circumstances for me to meet Mrs. Bradbury a little later."

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefited we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Two Opinions.

Lawyer Smart—Good morning, Mr. Gull. What can I do for you today?

"I want to get your opinion on a matter of law."

"Yes."

"My hens got into my neighbor Brown's yard, and he poisoned them. What I want to know is, can I recover damages?"

"Certainly. It was malicious mischief on his part, besides being a destruction of your property."

"Thanks. But hold; I stated that wrong. It was Brown's hens got into my yard, and it was I who administered the poison."

"Ah, yes, I see. That puts a different color upon the transaction, and it is clear that he, in the person of his hens, was the trespasser, whereas in leaving the poison on your premises you were quite unaware that his fowls would eat it. It was purely an accident, so far as you were concerned."

"Thanks. How much?"

"Thirteen and fourpence."

"Why, that's just twice what you asked for a legal opinion the other day!"

"I know it; but, you see, I have given you two opinions today."—London Tit-Bits.

The Collies and Amen.

I once witnessed a phase of prompt evolution of practical and of devotional religion in Scotch sheep dogs on a communion Sabbath among the mountains. The churchyard was crowded with shepherds, accompanied by their dogs, which lay quietly asleep at the feet of their masters. The sermon was finished, the psalm had been sung, the final prayer was being offered, and there was no sign of impatience, but the moment the benediction commenced the devotional doggies all roused themselves, and before the "Amen" they were in marching order.—"Newman Hall—An Autobiography."

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and

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DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, *ignorant of the cause of suffering*, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better by reason of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the female system*.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—If you happen to read this—stop and look for Monheimer's advertisement on this page. It'll no doubt interest you.

—A splendid singing company and comedians of the best type is the claim made for the John Dunsmure Opera Co.

—Elisha Kent Kane was a visitor at the Tioga county Grange picnic at Lawrenceville Sept. 3d. During the evening he attended the quarterly meeting of the Pomona Grange at Osceola. He was looking after his interests as candidate for State Senator.

—Splendid comedy, the music of one of the greatest of the old masters, a company of artists who have won their diploma of *merit in the metropolitan* centers of the world, are all embodied in the John Dunsmure Opera Co., soon to be seen here in "The Barber of Seville."

—The Tuna Manufacturing company of Bradford has just received a contract from Elisha Kent Kane to build a pier and abutments for the Smethport railroad company's new steel bridge over Potato creek at East Smethport. Concrete masonry will be used. Work is to be commenced immediately and completed before high water and bad weather set in. The Smethport railroad is part of the Kushequa Route. The bridge is required on account of the passenger train service between Smethport and Larabee recently instituted over the Pennsylvania railroad tracks by Kane's railroad in connection with its own terminals.

—The Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., has not received an official notice of the end of the big oil fire which has been burning in Dosbocas, Mexico, for some time, but press dispatches say that it was extinguished last Sunday. The news comes through the firm of S. Pearson & Sons, City of Mexico. Six giant centrifugal pumps poured gravel and mud into the mouth of the well for ten days. This with dynamite blasting, finally brought about the desired effect, the smothering of the flames. The oil has again worked its way to the surface and is flowing at the rate of 2,000 barrels a day. Owing to the location of the well, the oil is being stored in a great reservoir. It is estimated that 3,000,000 barrels of oil, valued in Mexico at $3,000,000 was burned by the fire.—Bradford Star.

—Barbour & Barbour of Crosby have recently installed a set of power machines in their glove factory at that place and also have a new gas engine on the road. In the future they will manufacture gloves on a large scale.

—C. B. Eckert left last Friday for Uniontown, Pa., where he is about to open dental parlors. Mr. Eckert is a popular young man, who recently graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and the MINER and his many friends here predict that he will be successful in his profession.

—The big saw mill of the Great Southern Lumber Co. at Bogalusa, La., started up on September 1. This mill will run daytimes only for a month or more after which they expect to run night and day. This mill has a capacity of 600,000 feet of lumber every 24 hours. Many people in this vicinity are stockholders or otherwise interested in this company.

—The trustees of the Clarion State Normal school have just awarded a contract for the erection of a ladies' dormitory to Milsom & Bierkamper, contractors, Kittaning. The new building, when completed, will cost $75,000. This will be one of the finest and most up-to-date Normal school buildings in the State. It will contain a dining room with a capacity for 500 students and will have all the modern conveniences. Students' rooms will each be supplied with hot and cold water, steam heat and electric light. There will be a large reception room on the first floor and ladies' parlors on the other floors. The structure will be of brick, stone, concrete and iron which will render it fireproof. This will be a notable addition to the present splendid buildings of the plant and will make it possible to accommodate the increasingly large number of students who are entering this excellent school.

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by constipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. This is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded. It does not constipate like most of the old fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

How a Girl Throws.

Perhaps a better title would have been "How a Girl Doesn't Throw," because it is well known that a girl cannot propel a ball or anything else like a boy. Most people—and all boys—conclude that this defect arises from clumsiness, but that is a mistake.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this:

The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back, with the upper part of his arm about at a right angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist.

The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

First Victory of the Revolution.

The importance of the assault upon Fort William and Mary is generally overlooked by historians. The demonstrations against various British armed vessels, beginning with the firing upon the schooner St. John in July, 1764, as well as the battle of Alamance, in North Carolina, in 1771, were essentially local and were so far removed from the Revolutionary period that they produced no appreciable effect upon the war itself. The "Boston massacre" was the repulse of a mob by a squad of British regulars, but at Fort William and Mary the royal standard was lowered for the first time, and the gunpowder taken therefrom was burned by the patriots at Bunker Hill. The king recognized in the daring assault the inevitability of the impending struggle. There is truth in the claim set forth on the tablet on the old Fort Constitution of today that the site marks "the first victory of the American Revolution."—Army and Navy Life.

A Pretty Warm Fish.

A well known fisherman was fishing for perch and was seated along the edge of a lake near the roots of a large tree which was a favorite spot for the perch. Luck had been only fair, and he was debating on the question of hauling in the line and going home when there came a powerful tug.

He knew that he had a large fish and struggled vigorously for twenty minutes before he landed his prize. It was a sunfish, one of the largest he had ever seen. He hauled it on the bank, and then he noticed that the rays from the fish were so powerful that he was almost blinded, and the grass in the vicinity was shriveled up by the heat.

A few minutes later the man fell over. He had been sunstruck by the sunfish and was beyond hope.—Philadelphia American.

Startling.

A gentleman opened a letter addressed to his son containing suggestions from a friend to the latter for a novel which he (the son) was privately writing. The father was exceedingly surprised and frightened upon reading the following dreadful words:

Dear Bob—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a madhouse. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off and send you back the "fatal dagger" afterward by post. Yours,

JACK.

—London Express.

Burning Heretics.

The following items, copied from the municipal records of Canterbury by an English magazine, show that the burning of heretics in 1535, the time of the genial King Henry VIII., was an inexpensive amusement:

To bringing a heretic from London	14s. 8d.
For wood to burn him	2s. 0d.
For gunpowder	1d.
A stake and staple	8d.
Total	17s. 5d.

Inspiring Hope.

The Doctor—Bear up. I must tell you the worst—you can't possibly recover. The Client—That's a pity, for if I'd lived a bit longer I should have come into a fortune. As it is, I haven't a penny to pay you with, doctor. The Doctor—Well, now, don't give up hope. We'll try to mend you. We'll try.—Illustrated Bits.

As to Stage Fright.

"Stage fright" is surely among the most mysterious of sudden seizures. It begins when the actor or speaker thinks "they are not interested in me." It ends when he determines "I will interest them."—London Chronicle.

The Modern Child.

Little Girl (aged four, standing entranced before the window of a toy shop)—Oh, mother, if you was my little girl, wouldn't I take you in and buy you some of these lovely things!—London Tatler.

Her Preference.

"I want to make a gift to Miss Passay," said Dumley. "I wonder what sort of animal she'd prefer for a pet?"

"A man," promptly suggested Miss Knox.—Philadelphia Press.

The only real thing is to study how to rid life of lamentation and complaint.—Epictetus.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Judgment Was Confirmed.

A certain old time justice of the peace, wishing to bring suit against a citizen, consulted the statutes and found that suits of such a character might be brought before any justice of the peace.

"Well, then," thought he, "I'll just try the case myself."

Straightway he made out a writ against his adversary and signed it.

On the day set for trial the defendant appeared with counsel. Both gentlemen not unnaturally objected to the constitution of the court.

"Why," demanded the justice, "do you deny that I am a justice of the peace?"

The lawyer would not contest this point, but argued that such a construction of the law was against all sense and reason.

A vigorous altercation ensued, and then the judge remarked that, not for the world would he have two gentlemen suppose him governed by any personal considerations. "I will therefore," he added gracefully, "render judgment against myself and then appeal to the supreme court."

"But the mischief of it was," said the justice, relating the story afterward, "that when my judgment got to the supreme court it was unanimously reaffirmed."

The Dog's Tail.

A prominent citizen was on trial charged with harboring a vicious dog.

The attorney for the defense had been consulting a dog expert and had learned that if a dog holds his tail up over his back when he barks he is not angry, while if he holds it straight out behind him he is in a belligerent, bloodthirsty frame of mind. Anxious to air his newly acquired information, the lawyer began cross questioning the prosecuting witness thus:

"Now, did you notice the position in which this dog's tail was held when he came at you?"

"I did not," said the witness, "for that was not the end from which I anticipated injury. I had another end in view. Now, if the dog had been a hornet"—

"No levity, sir!" thundered the attorney. "Answer the question. In what position was the dog's tail when he came at you?"

"I believe, sir," faltered the terrified witness, "that it was behind him."—Chicago News.

The King's Cock Crower.

In the good old time there was an English court official known as the king's cock crower. It seems a strange office. Why did the king require a cock crower, and why could not the common barn door variety serve his majesty's purpose? The reason, as we shall see, was that the barn door variety cannot be depended upon for times and hours, and he has never been persuaded to observe Lent. Now, this was a pious custom and a religious duty. All through Lent the king's cock crower crowed instead of calling the hours of the night in the palace. He began on Ash Wednesday, when he entered the hall in which the king's supper was served, and then crowed the hour in the presence of the royal party. The meaning of the custom is obvious. It was only one of the many ways in which the history of the Christian religion was brought home to the minds of people before the reading of the gospel in the vernacular. The office was continued down to the year 1822.—London Queen.

"The Greatest Widower."

This is said to be the title of a genuine essay evolved some years ago by a boy in a Welsh board school:

"King Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was sir named the Boy-Bachelor. He was born at the age of 15 unmarried. Henry VIII. was succeeded on the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary, queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake."

Helping the Burglar Out.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the drawing room. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once."

"I'll go down," said he.

"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"

"Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without assistance?"—London Throne.

An Omission.

Magistrate—What is the charge against you this time? Boggs—They catched me a-stealing oranges, yer worship. Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more? Boggs—No, yer worship; you said not to steal any more lemons, but yer didn't say a word about oranges.—London Graphic.

Wide Awake.

Fuddle—You know Stocks, don't you? Doctor—Yes, indeed. He is now a patient of mine. Fuddle—Pretty wide awake man, isn't he? Doctor—I should say so. I am treating him for insomnia.—London Tit-Bits.

Quite the Contrary.

The Sympathetic Friend—It must be very hard to lose money at the races. Smith (a plunger)—Hard! Hang it, old chap, it's the easiest thing in the world!—London Opinion.

There is no use running. To set out in time is the main point.—La Fontaine.

Kodol will, without doubt, make your stomach strong and will almost instantly relieve you of all the symptoms of indigestion. It will do this because it is made up of the natural digestive juices of the stomach so combined that it completely digests the food just as the stomach will do it, so you see Kodol can't fail to help you and help you promptly. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

Grange News.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Over 100 Grangers assembled at the Hall Sept. 2 and 3, it being the meeting of Pomona grange with Valley grange. The usual pleasant time was enjoyed by all present. Brother A. R. Cory and Sister Mrs. Fred Digel received the 5th degree. Thursday afternoon Brother J. T. Ailman, secretary of State Grange, delivered a very interesting address concerning Equalization of Taxation and Appropriations by the State for the Public Schools. The next meeting of Pomona will be at Coryville.

GENERAL NEWS

School opened Monday by Miss Lura Day, our teacher of last year, consequently, as in the past, we look forward to a well ordered and successful school term.

Saturday a little daughter appeared at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Norton are now residing at their home on Annin Creek.

Miss Viola Bush of Buffalo who visited with relatives a few days last week has returned to her home.

Mrs. Charles Bush who has been spending the summer here returned to her home in Buffalo Friday.

Frank McGill who has been visiting his old home here has returned to Ohio where he has lucrative employment.

Misses Alma and Stella Spencer and Earl Spencer of Olean who have been visiting here have returned to their home.

The writer had the pleasure of attending the Rees Reunion at Castello Aug. 27. There were 148 present. Others from this place were A. R. Cory, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Cory and daughter, Esther, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rees and four children. We were joined at Port Allegany by Mrs. Vina Vanwegin, and the number was swelled by others all along the route. We met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Rouse. Tables were spread under the trees and after prayer by Rev. Fowler there was singing, reading of minutes of last meeting by the secretary, declamations, short addresses, etc., conducted by our president, J. M. Rees, the oldest of the group. Refreshments were served and pictures taken, good-byes were said and the company dispersed with a promise to meet the coming year at the same date.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull and family are now living in Smethport, occupying the residence formerly occupied by Dr Freeman.

Services will be held in the church Sunday by the new minister, Rev. Summersgill.

Mrs. Tanner of Pierce Brook who had the misfortune to break her arm while gathering apples, is improving under the care of Dr. Hamilton.

Beating Women.

"If it is true that *national* adages give an insight into the ideas of a people," says the Berlin Radical, "women must occupy a strange position in Russia. One of these old saws runs, 'Love your wife as much as your soule,' and another tells the good man, 'Shake your wife as you would a fruit tree.' That woman is not considered frail is shown by the adage, 'You may *safely* beat your wife with a broom handle, for she is not made of porcelain.' Beating must be considered a wholesome pastime, to judge from the saying, 'If your wife deserves a beating in the morning, remind her of her faults by giving her another at noon.' In justification of this kind of attention the Russian says, 'The more a man beats his wife the better his meals will be.'"

A Ducal Estate.

The park in which Chatsworth stands is a dozen miles in circumference. The facade of the house is a length of 1,500 feet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Sept. 10, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of [illegible]
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of [illegible]

WITH another water famine staring us in the face it is high time the Smethport Water Co. [illegible] to remedy this oft occurring trouble. Their patrons are entitled to better treatment at the hands of a company which nets such big dividends.

THE Democrats and Prohibitionists do not seem to fuse very successfully, as will be seen by the following: The Era was informed last evening that the statement copied yesterday from the Kane Republican with reference to an alleged fusion arrangement between the Democracy and the Local Option League of the county, said to have been affected at Mt. Jewett on Friday last was correct. Paul P. Lyon, a prominent Prohibitionist of this city called at The Era office and stated that Dr. McAlpin had not withdrawn as a candidate for the Prohibition party for the office of assemblyman in McKean county. A proposition has been made by the Prohibition party to withdraw one of its candidates on condition that the Democrats do likewise, but up to the present, said Mr. Lyon, no such deal has been consummated. The situation so far as the Prohibitionists are concerned is practically unchanged.

INDEPENDENT voters who are thinking of voting for Bryan because they want a change, owing to the alleged business depression of the past ten months, should look the situation over carefully before they take the step. The only time that the Democrats have been in power in the past fifty years was under similar conditions, and the man who had to earn a livelihood during these times will not think of wanting to try a similar experience. In 1884 a slight business depression made the people dissatisfied and they voted for a change in administration and got it but a Republican Congress held off the crash temporarily. However times did not grow a great deal better and in 1892 the whole ship of state was turned over to the Democratic party and four years of the hardest times ever experienced in the history of the United States followed. Nearly every large factory in the country was shut down, seventy five per cent of all classes of laboring men were out of employment three-fourths of these four years, and wages for those who could find employment were less than half the wages paid to-day, despite our alleged hard times. Free soup houses were common in every city and not enough to satisfy hunger. The Democrats to-day excuse these conditions with the claim that the Republicans started the hard times—the same as they will again if Bryan should happen to be elected. Look well at these facts before voting for a change, and think of the consequences before taking such a change again.

THE late Grover Cleveland some months ago wrote a series of articles for a New York paper in reference to campaign issues and in the articles the statesman pointed out that Judge Taft was an ideal man for the Presidency. Among other things he wrote the following about the Republican candidate: "Personally and officially I have had the opportunity of knowing many things concerning Mr. Taft that were not a matter of general knowledge, and with a keen interest I have watched his large share in the conduct of our national affairs in very recent years. His excellence as a Federal Judge in Cincinnati is something not to be underestimated or overemphacized, for should he come to the Presidential chair, the qualities which made him a judge of high ability which I know him to have been, will be the most needful to him as President of the United States. His high ideals of honesty and of relative justice, his great capacity for severe labor, and his humorous wisdom in the face of the serious problems are attributes equally valuable and commendatory to a people seeking him in whom they may repose the trust of their collective interests while they turn their increased attention to their pressing individual demands." This is only one passage from a paper of some length—the first of a series of three Mr. Cleveland had agreed to write before the meeting of the national conventions. Mr. Cleveland points out that Mr. Taft has unique qualifications for the Presidency in 1909. For example, in the matter of special knowledge of the needs of the Philippines, Panama and Cuba, "That Mr. Taft is possessed of this knowledge as is no other man in the country is hardly to be denied." He observes that the bulk of "the disaffected vote" this year will go not to Bryan, who is fishing for conservative vote, but to Hurst, Debs and Watson. "The union labor vote is an indeterminate quantity and will never be more in America". The document in brief sets forth Mr. Cleveland's conviction that Mr. Taft would succeed President Roosevelt and gives reasons why old-line Democrats should aid in securing that result.

Same Old Story.

Taft talked "straight talk" to his countrymen about every issue that engrosses the thoughts of Americans to-day. Bryan promises a series of postscripts to dispose of tariff, railroads, currency, trusts and everything else of real importance. And then he [illegible] in one of his [illegible] after a "paramount issue" and finds it in the rhetorical, [illegible] and tinsel-plate tale, "Shall the people rule?"

It is the old, old story. The garb of the conservative does not sit well upon the [illegible] Mr. Bryan has put forth a [illegible] phrased [illegible] [illegible] he has done so at the very moment when the [illegible] of the whole people is clamoring for strong meat and not wind pudding.

With [illegible] honestly [illegible] and [illegible] questions open, the [illegible] of the campaign a [illegible] to which there is absolutely no negative response. "Shall the people rule?" The people always have ruled and always will rule.—Philadelphia North American, Aug. 15, 1908.

Elisha Kent Kane For Senator to Local Optionists.

From my heart I wish to express my gratification at the action of the Potter county Local Option convention on July 29th. I had not hoped to receive at this convention an unsolicited, spontaneous, unanimous and enthusiastic endorsement as your candidate for State Senator. I intend to prove myself deserving of your confidence. In the Senate I shall work and vote for a law giving counties, townships and municipalities the right to vote out the liquor traffic. Divergencies of views will exist among the local optionists elected to the legislature: if I cannot convince a majority of the correctness of my views I shall expect to be convinced by them; and the licensed liquor traffic shall at last receive a body blow, if I fail to mortally wound it. Help me in my fight for God and Home and Native Land. On other legislative matters you will find in me a progressive conservative, and a kindly, but unswerving opponent of corruption. I aim to build rather than to tear down. I recognize that most of our laws have been passed by well-meaning people seeking to do what they thought best for the welfare of the State. If their work can be improved upon, I'll try to improve it. But ruthless shattering is not in my line. Business is a delicate fabric, not to be recklessly interfered with. The rights of humanity are superior to those of business; but neither ought to suffer. The liquor traffic is not a business; and the license law is abominable to me. Every human right is injured by them, and down they must go. But even they must go down before the law, not anarchy. The problem is a great one. I have studied it long. Trust me to help solve it.

I am glad that with equal unanimity, Addison Stephens was endorsed for Assembly. Arthur B. Mann (Pro.) by magnanimously withdrawing in his favor, makes union of forces practicable. Tioga county cannot fail to elect local optionists. And if McKean county friends of the cause will forget party lines, we may have a solid delegation in the legislature from the 26th Senatorial district. It is peculiarly pleasing to me thus to be endorsed first by Potter county. My residence is in McKean county; but "the Potter County Idea," local prohibition, is dear to my heart. As a farmer, lumberman, gas producer, railroader, merchant and manufacturer, my financial interests are those of Potter county. And similarity of interests prevails throughout my district.

E. K. KANE.

100 Acre Dairy Farm Near Trolley With 12 Cows For Only $3,000.

We offer for sale a dairy farm of 100 acres, located in Haskell Valley, 5 miles from Olean, and 2½ miles from Olean and Bolivar Trolley line. Land is productive, rolling, good fences, 65 acres cleared, balance in pasture. Good orchard. Running spring water at house. Seven room house in fine repair, fine barn 80x56 with basement, good silo; 12 cows and fodder to carry to grass, one mowing machine. This farm is only ¼ mile to cheese factory, one mile to school, convenient to good markets. We offer this property with everything named above for only $3,000. Terms $1,000 cash, balance easy payments. Possession March 1, 1909. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. [illegible], Oct. Term, 190[illegible].

McKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lavern Gardner did, on the [illegible] day of [illegible], 190[illegible], prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, [illegible] Gardner.

We therefore command you, the said [illegible] Gardner, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October next, to answer the petition or libel of Lavern Gardner and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lavern Gardner, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

M. L. Willis, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 15, Feb. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Clara Smith did, on the 9th day of December 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles A. Smith.

We therefore command you, the said Charles A. Smith that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Clara Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Smith, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

Tait & Jones, Libellant's Att'ys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 141, Feb. Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss. THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Winnie Brewer, did on the 25th day of January, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ellis Brewer.

We therefore command you, the said Ellis Brewer, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition, or libel of, Winnie Brewer, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Winnie Brewer, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 96, Dec. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary Hall did, on the 8th day of November, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Adelbert Hall.

We therefore command you, the said Adelbert Hall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, next to answer the petition or libel of Mary Hall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary Hall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

[illegible] W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, [illegible]

J. M. McC[illegible]

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits $203,000.00

Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

- Conducts a General Banking business.
- Pays interest on time deposits.
- Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
- Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
- Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread.

Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with [illegible]

FIRST SHOWING
—OF—

New Fall and Winter Clothing,

For Young Men, Old Men, Boys and Children, also a complete line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes.

For weeks we have been busy marking and arranging the large and well selected stock of new and beautiful apparel in Men's, Boys' and Children's wear. We are specially proud of our Young Men's suit display. We have the best suits made by the best makers.

Compare our suits with any to be had anywhere, then compare prices. Do this and you will buy your Fall Suit and Overcoat here. You can't help it, you know.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Smethport Lyceum.

ONE GREAT NIGHT

Thursday, September 17th, 1908

THE JOHN DUNSMORE OPERA CO.

—presenting—

"The Barber of Seville"

An Opera Comique in Three Acts.

First time in this country in English.

MME. MONTI BALDINI World Famous Soprano	and	JOHN DUNSMORE America's Greatest Singing Comedian

Supported by a Splendid Company of Artists including Romain Klekko, Pierre Gherardi, Edward Lehay, Selina Winters and others.

Specially Augmented Orchestra under the direction of Jacques Kingsbergen.

Prices, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c

Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store, Saturday, Sept. 12, 9 a. m.

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,	18c lb		

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

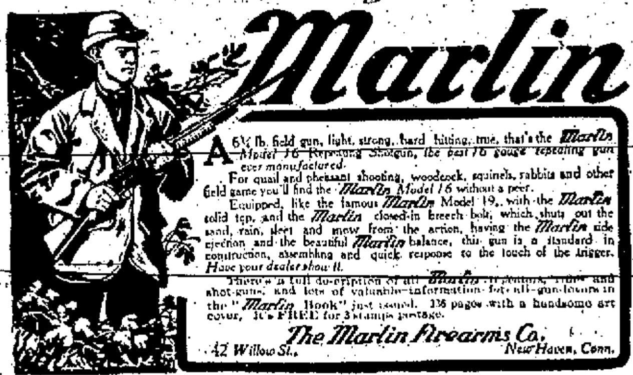
STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.



Marlin

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin* *Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., *New Haven, Conn.*

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Sane's

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 500 Union Phone 492

The Lindholm Co.

SHOE CLEARANCE

Our Annual Sale of Women's and Children's Oxfords starts SATURDAY, SEPT. 5th, and lasts until lines are closed.

This is an exceptional chance to finish out the season with neat, well-fitting shoes and, too, at a very moderate cost, or to anticipate early spring needs in the shoe line.

A special line comprising Queen Quality, Maloney and Clarice Oxfords, nearly all $3.50 shoes, closing at 2.25

The Dorris line were $2.50, closing at.......................1.48

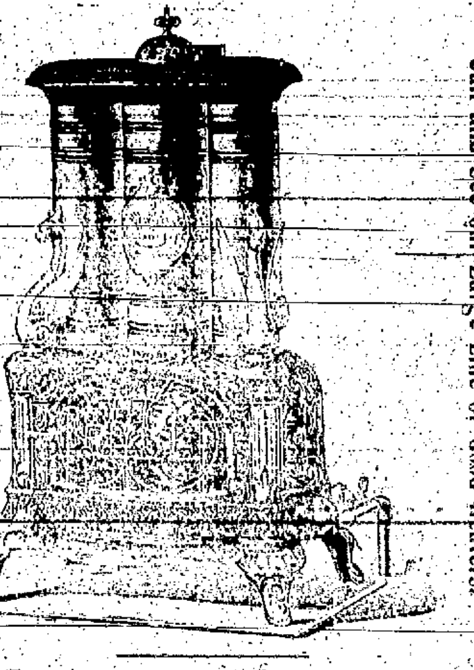
These are all new, stylish shoes and in Patent and Plain Leathers, Tans and Browns. We are also including all Children's Oxfords and Sandals at a proportionate reduction. One line of Ladies' Shoes to be closed out entirely.

$4.00 shoes closing at.......................................2.98

$3.00 and $3.50 shoes closing at.............................2.48

While in look at the new Patrician shoes for fall and winter. Some novel lasts.

The Lindholm Company.



Call and See our Large Line of Good Heaters.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The advertisement of H. W. Rubin tells of new fall goods.

—Fry & Comes are advertising Cadet stockings in their space this week.

—The members of the Eastern Star hold a corn roast dinner and dance at Frog Camp to-day.

—Owing to the non-arrival of skates the rink in the Backus building will not be opened this week.

—Miss Millie Pattison and mother have moved into the Travelers' Club house on State street.

—Mrs Sandford Fry entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on West Main street Wednesday afternoon.

—A. B. Armstrong has purchased the stock in the drug store lately owned by L. K. Hogarth and expects to reopen the store Saturday.

—We wonder if the present drouth all over this section is intended as a warning to those who intend to vote the "dry" ticket this fall.

—The Smethport schools will be closed all next week with the exception of Monday, on account of the McKean County Fair and Races.

—The pupils of Miss Esther Erhart, assisted by Prof. Oerter of Olean, will give a recital at the Baptist church on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock.

—Considerable excitement is felt by the people living near DuBois. While drilling for water and at a depth of 35 feet particles of gold were found in the sand.

—The MINER will be issued Thursday morning of next week to give the force a chance to see the races. This office will be closed Thursday and Friday afternoons.

—The members of St. Elizabeth's Sunday school held a picnic at Burbank's crossing on Saturday. The attendance was large and all had a delightful time.

—At the mill of Holmes & Gilfillan the last of the stock of logs was sawed yesterday. Enough lath bolts are on hand, however, to keep the mill running for several weeks.

—Anthony Madison died at the Pure Air sanitarium on Saturday last, aged 32 years. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. He is survived by a wife and one son. He was a member of the Elks, the Masonic bodies and the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors.

—John A. Peterson, county commissioner, came over from the county seat this morning and took Jacob Kits to the asylum at North Warren on a writ, says Saturday's Kane Republican.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m. The Rev. Joseph P. Gibson will officiate.

—Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" will be at the Bradford Theatre on Oct. 1, 2 and 3, and if 40 or 50 people express the desire the Kushequa Route will run an excursion for one of the evening performances.

—The Eldred band is holding its third annual picnic to-day. The events comprise a clay pigeon shoot, high school athletic contests, a one-handed ball game, band concert and a big dance in the evening.

—"The Boy With the Boodle" was the attraction at the Lyceum last Thursday evening. George D. Mackey in the leading part of this stirring melodrama made a hit with the gallery with his clever work.

—While practicing at pole vaulting, Wednesday, to get in shape with the school team for the county contest at the fair at Smethport, Lloyd Lemmler fell and broke one of the bones in his arm.—Eldred Eagle.

—William and Chas. Bartholomew of St. Marys while out blackberrying Sunday afternoon found the skeleton of a full grown man. From the appearance of the bones, which were bleached from exposure, it had been lying there for at least two years.

—One of the features of the forthcoming engagement of the John Dunsmure Opera Co. in "The Barber of Seville" will be an augmented orchestra led by Jacques Kingsbergen, lately connected with the orchestra of the Metropolitan opera house, New York.

—The libel suits brought by Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., against the Oil City Derrick, listed for trial at the September sitting of civil court, have been settled. In a recent issue of the Derrick a complete apology was given for the statements made in the Derrick, which were branded as false and unwarranted.

—The executive committee of the Local Option League of McKean county met at Mt. Jewett Sept. 4th and organized for the campaign. Elisha Kent Kane was endorsed as the league's candidate for State Senator. R. W. Hilton and L. K. Shaw were endorsed for Assembly. This partly rescinds the league's previous action endorsing R. W. Hilton and Dr. A. McAlpin. Dr. McAlpin is a Prohibitionist and Mr. Shaw is a Democrat. Whether McAlpin will withdraw or not is undecided.

—A large barn belonging to John Bush on his farm on Bush hill, was destroyed by fire last Friday evening. The barn contained upwards of 40 tons of hay and grain and made a big blaze which could easily be seen in town. The loss was quite heavy, but we understand it was partially covered by insurance.

—Reports of a silver strike have come from Smethport. But the particulars are lacking. Smethport as a mining town would certainly be lively. And much stock in mining enterprises there would be taken in Bradford. To buy mining stock is a fad in this town.—Bradford Era. This silver mine story has been heard before, but we hope it may produce results in the near future.

—The following were among the many that attended the Labor Day celebration at Bradford Monday: John Eckert, Jake Gonia, John Witt, Robert Raymer, Irvin McCarty, Rex Stark, P. S. Curran, C. E. Walker, George Fitch, Enos Carr, Fred Abendrough, E. Ryden, John Ferm, Floyd Heath and Louis Dickinson.

—The following ladies of Bradford arrived in town Friday morning and held a picnic on the lawn of A. B. Walker: Mesdames Ed. Coleman, W. W. Bell, Frank Wood, Ed. Uniux, O. F. Schoublom, Sara Henry, L. L. Ball, A. B. Boothe, James George, Robert George, E. Boyne, E. Jones, W. W. Wagner and Mrs. Bolling of Philadelphia.

—Harry Rubin had rather an exciting time with an automobile Tuesday evening. He was driving into his barn and instead of putting on the brake he threw in the high speed clutch and the benzine buggy dove through the side of the barn. Harry's nerves, the side of the barn and the front of the car were somewhat shattered. Late reports indicate that all will recover.

—Saturday afternoon several boys ranging in age from 10 to 12 years broke into a car standing on the sidetrack, containing candy and soda fountain syrups, belonging to H. M. Turney, and when discovered they had disposed of a considerable supply. Although this was not a first offense, Mr. Turney considerately refused to prosecute them, though the parents were compelled to settle the damages.—Eldred Eagle.

—Hon. F. C. Leonard and A. E. Smith of this place and F. E. Baldwin of Austin have every reason to be happy over the showing made by an oil well which they own, located at Fletcher, Canada. The day the well was struck it produced [illegible] barrels of oil and has settled down to a fifty barrel a day well. The amount each gentleman will receive as his share in the profits should make them owners of automobiles within a short time.—Potter Democrat.

—Simon Crites of Newton, Pa., died quite suddenly at his home about seven o'clock Saturday morning. His wife found him dead, seated in a chair. He had evidently risen during the night and had donned his clothing as he was fully dressed when found. His health had not been good for a long time, but he had no alarming symptoms. Death was due to an attack of heart disease. He is survived by a widow, three sons, Day, William and Simon Crites and one daughter, Miss Mary Crites, a professional nurse; two sisters, Mrs. Munson of Buffalo and Mrs. S. A. Karns of Bradford. He had been a resident of Newton for a number of years and was formerly identified with the oil business.—Bradford Era.

"The Barber of Seville"

An organization unique in the theatrical affairs of this country is the John Dunsmure Opera Company, which will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum on the evening of Thursday Sept. 17. This company is devoted to the revival of the great operas in English and this season will be seen in Rossini's masterpiece "The Barber of Seville." This splendid opera comique in three acts is given for the first time in English and is an opportunity for lovers of good comedy and the best music to show their appreciation of a really high class performance. Mr. Dunsmure, who heads the organization, is an artist of first calibre, who has long been associated with the best of American musical organizations and with him as prima donna is Mme. Monti Baldini, well remembered for her triumph as a member of Hamerstein's Manhattan Opera Co. This supporting company is made up of well known artists and there will be an augmented orchestra for this performance.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice. Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

Personal Mention.

F. D. Gallup was in Bradford Tuesday.

Mable Scott of Port Allegany is the guest of Mrs. Betler.

W. J. Johnson had business in Buffalo the first of this week.

Mac Arthur Gorton has arrived home for a few weeks' visit.

F. P. Isherwood was in Bradford the fore part of this week.

Henry Borroughs of Port Allegany was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus were Bradford visitors Sunday.

Ed. Hungerford of Bolivar was in town Monday on business.

S. H. Cleveland had business in Olean the latter part of last week.

Miss Ida Engstrom of Jamestown is visiting relatives in this place.

Miss Myrtle Smith of Driftwood is the guest of Mrs. Frank Gallup.

Elisha Kent Kane of Kushequa was in town Wednesday on business.

V. M. Digel of Bradford was visiting his mother in this place Monday.

Myron Gallup is in Olean attending Westbrook's Commercial College.

Mrs. Theresa Oviatt of Colegrove was calling on friends in town this week.

Jacob Hafner of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Miss Daisy Hevner of Mt. Jewett is visiting her sister, Mrs. Percy Brown.

Miss Genevieve Reilly of Buffalo was the guest of Mrs. M. B. Greer last week.

O. R. Doyle of Ambridge, Pa., spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Allen Park.

Miss Rena Allen of Port Allegany passed Sunday with Miss Donna Lyman.

Geo. Ristine and Miss Leone Simar drove over from Port Allegany, Sunday.

Miss Alma Johnson of Port Allegany spent Sunday in town the guest of friends.

Jerome Newman of Buffalo is passing a short time with relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Caroline Hafner of Farmers Valley was in town Wednesday on business.

Royce Dunn of Port Allegany is spending his vacation with friends in this place.

L. G. Chadwick of Bradford was calling on his numerous friends in town this week.

Mrs. R. C. Gleason returned Monday from a visit to friends in Belfast and Cuba lake.

Mrs. C. Black and daughter Gretchen of Port Allegany are the guest of friends in town this week.

Miss Goldie Schoonmaker left Monday for the Sugar Grove Seminary where she will be a student.

Kenneth Mayo has returned from Sidney, Ohio, where he has been employed for the past six weeks.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago arrived in town Sunday for a few days' visit with his mother and other relatives.

Mrs. J. M. Walters and son Morris of Bradford spent Monday and Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sager and son, Arthur, left Wednesday for a visit with Mr. Sager's parents at Emporium.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters, Edith and Harriet, of Olean have been visiting relatives and friends in this place for the past week.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Mrs. F. M. Spanogle and daughter, returned Tuesday from a few days' visit with relatives in Marvindale and Kasson.

W. L. Hammar, who has been fishing with Col. M. M. Gillette in Canadian waters, returned home Saturday, Col. Gillette going from there to Ohio.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis returned to her home in Rochester, Tuesday. Mrs. Lewis has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Margaret A. Knapp for the past two weeks.

Comrades H. M. Choate, S. G. Bush and A. H. Pierce, Sr., returned Saturday from Toledo, Ohio, where they had been in attendance at the National G. A. R. encampment held in that place.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

WHY

torture your feet with Shoes that hurt? Wear

Walk-Over Shoes,

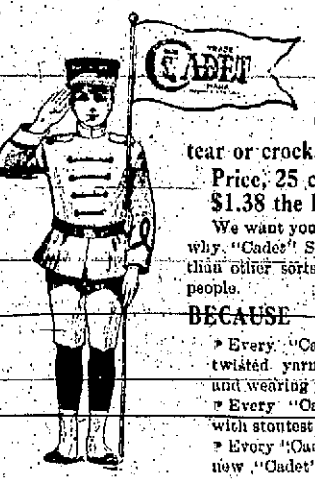
they FIT YOUR FEET. Try a pair. Common sense lasts and lasts that appeal to the young men. Patent and plain, Kangaroo and Gun Metal Leather.

$3.50 & 4.00 a pr.

When WALK-OVER SHOES go on foot trouble goes off.

Let us also show you the newest in Fall Suits and Hats.

WM. MONHEIMER.



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FRY & COMES

Scientific Stockings for Boys, Girls and Women. Reinforced with Linen. Guaranteed not to rip, tear or crock.

Price, 25 cents the pair.
$1.38 the half dozen.

We want you to know some of the reasons why "Cadet" Stockings are so much better than other sorts—why they please so many people.

BECAUSE

☞ Every "Cadet" Stocking is knitted of twisted yarns that give double strength and wearing power.

☞ Every "Cadet" Stocking is reinforced with stoutest Irish linen.

☞ Every "Cadet" Stocking is dyed by the new "Cadet" dyeing process which does not weaken the textures and is durable and fast color.

☞ Every "Cadet" Stocking is made right and made for wear. Buy "Cadet" Stockings and stop darning.

☞ A new pair or your money back if they Crock, Rip or Tear from any cause, (nails not accepted).

3 weights for Women, 2 for Girls and 2 for Boys.

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

ON OUR

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

As I am about to close out my business I offer great reductions for the next few days. Everything goes at great reductions.

TINWARE,
GLASSWARE,
DISHES,
BEDSTEADS,
BEDSPRINGS,
MATTRASSES,

and every article in my store must be sold at once regardless of price. Call and see me.

I. ODESSER,
East Smethport, Pa.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

PLAYING A HUNCH.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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His name was James Gilman Westcott, but his friends insisted that the middle initial stood for "Goat," for Jim's cheerful desire to be of service to his fellow man was forever getting him into trouble.

His misfortune in this regard had caused him to delay his declaration of love for Alma Sheldon. When a man, however innocently, is forever playing the clown he does not stand an excellent chance of being regarded as a romantic and eligible person matrimonially.

The worst of it was that Jimmie never learned by experience. He was as ready as ever to change a ten dollar bill for a stranger after having been caught with a counterfeit the day before, and that he was not always swindled was proof sufficient to him that the world was not always to be regarded with suspicion.

And so it happened that when a strange woman on the suburban station platform thrust a child in his arms and begged him to take it to her sister in the city Jim accepted his charge.

"I'd ask some lady to take him," explained the woman, "only there don't seem to be none going in on this train."

"That's all right," was Westcott's cheerful response. "There will be some one on the train if I need help with this little shaver, but he looks as though he was going to be as good as gold."

Followed by the woman's voluble thanks, Jimmie climbed aboard the train and hoped that none of his set would select the same car.

He did not dare go near the smoker, so he ensconced himself in the rear seat of the last car and thanked his good fortune that the through train stopped at the stations most favored by the people he knew. Those who, like himself, were going to the Favor-Harding wedding would prefer the exclusiveness of the Pullmans carried on the more important train.

The baby was good tempered and playful, and Westcott was having the time of his life when the train came to a halt at the first station and an incoming passenger uttered a shout and bore down upon him. It was Ben Royster, with a party of the wedding guests.

"Look who's here!" he shouted, attracting the attention of his companions. "This is rich, Jim. I never supposed that you would fall for the abandonment game."

"His mother is to meet me at the station," explained Westcott, miserably conscious of the fact that Miss Sheldon had boarded the train. "She couldn't afford the fare to come out and get the child. He's been having a vacation in the country at his aunt's because the hot weather in town is bad for him."

"That's a better story than the average," agreed his tormentor. "When you get to town, Jim, turn him over to the desk sergeant at the nearest station house. You'll be late for the wedding by the time that you have explained all about it."

"How did you come to be on this train?" demanded Westcott. "I had intended to run down to your station and take the express myself."

"Train was late, and the stop was cut out," explained Ben Royster. "We kicked when we heard it, but we are glad now. I wouldn't have missed this for a million Pullman cars."

The noisy speech and the presence of the score of people crowding about Westcott's seat roused the tiny traveler. His eyes wrinkled, and from the button of a mouth there was emitted a yell which was scarcely heard above the delighted shouts of the little audience. The fresh outburst started the child in earnest, and Westcott looked miserable.

Vainly he sought to quiet the child with his watch and a bright silver coin. Neither the ticking nor the silvery chime of the repeater stilled the cries, and at last Alma Sheldon came to his rescue.

She drove into their seats the crowd of tormentors and then took her place beside Westcott. Her golden chatelaine proved more efficacious than the watch, and presently the baby's cries were stilled, to Westcott's great relief.

"He's a splendid little fellow," he declared. "He'll be as good as gold if Royster keeps out of the way."

"He's a fine little chap," she assented, "but don't you think that you were a little bit—er—incautious to take charge of a strange child? There are so many abandonments, you know."

"Not a bit," insisted Westcott. "Of course there are inhuman mothers, but, you see, this wasn't his mother, but his aunt."

Miss Sheldon smiled at the explanation.

"You could see that she was worried because there were no women coming into town," Westcott went on. "She told me I could find some one to look out for him on the train. Of course I didn't suppose that I should run into all of you—in fact, I was thinking only about the poor mother who was waiting there in town for the baby she hadn't seen in three weeks. Just fancy not seeing a child for three weeks and then being disappointed because there was no one to take it at the other end!"

The last part of the sentence was a trifle ambiguous, and Miss Sheldon smiled again as she wondered if perhaps such trouble might not exist at both ends of the journey.

It was a kindly smile, though, for Westcott's faith was in pleasant contrast to Royster's cynical jests that even now came floating back to the rear seat. She was glad that they had already entered the outskirts of the town. Their arrival at the station would soon end the situation.

"In case there has been any mistake," she suggested, "it would be well to take the child to the police station. You can tell the depot police, and then should the mother come later she can be directed to the station house."

"She'll be there," declared Westcott, with cheerful optimism, and Miss Sheldon liked him the better for it. The train had entered the yard, and now Westcott gathered the little bundle of white clothes and pink face in his arms and prepared to leave the car.

The others of the party formed themselves into an escort, and they headed for the exit, Royster making imaginary book with ever increasing odds that no anxious mother would be found at the end of the long platform.

Westcott did not abate his confident smile, though he longed to thrash Royster for the attention he was attracting to the party. In some way the story had spread through the other cars, and quite a crowd of the incoming passengers were gathered opposite the exit gate by the time that Westcott reached it. As they passed the exit a woman sprang forward and, with a cry of "Micky!" snatched the child from Westcott's arms.

"Sure, an' I was feared that Susie could find divil a wan to take care of the bye," she protested, "an' it's me thanks to your leddy, sir. It takes one mother to feel for another, even if it's only me as it is. May the saints bring you all sorts of luck for your kindness to a poor woman!"

Royster shouted at the woman's mistake, and more than ever the blushing Westcott longed to kick him. Alma hurried to give credit where it belonged and explained that it was Westcott who had accepted the commission.

"The gintleman, is it?" gasped the baby's mother. "Sure an' I should have known, but you do be makin' the fine pair, the two av yez. It do be a shame that ye ain't married. Sure the fine gentleman 'ud make an illigant husband to some pretty lady. She'll never be sorry for marryin' a kind man like that."

With crimson face Westcott hurried Alma over to the cab ranks and helped her into a hansom, still followed by the profuse thanks and compliments of the grateful mother. As the cab rolled away they caught the twentieth repetition of the assertion that the kind gentleman would make a fine husband for some one. Westcott turned to Miss Sheldon.

"Are you willing to play that hunch, Alma?" he asked wistfully. "I know that in lots of things I'm a joke, but don't you care a little for me, dear?"

Her hand stole into his behind the shelter of the hansom apron. "I'll play that hunch across the board, Jimmie," she declared, following his racing talk.

Westcott regarded with regret the dashboard of the hansom.

"I guess I am a fool," he admitted regretfully. "I should have taken a four wheeler. I didn't have any hunch about that."

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Green Spots In Chile's Desert.

Northern Chile, which is so largely mountain or desert, is generally regarded as a forbidding wilderness, but in spite of its natural desolation the landscape presents a scene of great beauty under the softened hues of sunset, and here and there in the waste of sand and salt may be found by looking for them a number of oases, the most conspicuous of which are Pica and Matilla. These oases are supplied with water from the high Andes, but the particular streams that support their life are not certainly known. It has been found that in various parts of the great Atacama desert the earth underneath the surface layer of sand or salt is sufficiently moist to grow crops, capillary attraction spreading the water through the soil. The rainless Atacama desert is the scene of the greatest industry of its kind in the world, yielding enormous quantities of nitrates, used to enrich the fields of Europe and the United States. The oases play a very important economic role in the industries of the region, supplying vegetables and foodstuffs for the support of the workmen, alfalfa for the cattle and various fruits, and also serving as timber producers for the nitrate works, which require much fuel. There is no part of the world where agriculture is more extensively carried on than in these green spots in the Atacama desert.—Zion's Herald.

The Woodchuck's Name.

One of the most noticeable traits of woodchucks is the throwing up of large piles of dirt in front of their burrows. According to the author of "Familiar Life In Field and Forest," it is from this practice that the woodchuck got his name. In olden times—probably in the time of Aesop—the lower animals used to live in one happy country with a judge over them, the dog. One day a rabbit whose burrow adjoined that of a marmot complained to the latter that the little rabbits' eyes were continually filled with the dirt which he threw out of his burrow. The marmot paid no heed to this remonstrance, and the rabbit was compelled to appeal to the judge. His honor immediately sent word to the offender that greater care must be taken in the future. But the insolent marmot, notorious for his incivility and indifference, replied to the messenger that he "would chuck" his dirt just where he pleased.

That settled it. The dog has been hunting for the gross offender ever since, and the name "woodchuck" has stuck to the whole tribe of marmots.

Kodol will in a very short time enable the stomach to do the work it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When the stomach can't do it Kodol does it for it and in the meantime the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular natural work again. Kodol digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

TOOTHACHE.

About the Worst Torture That Ever Afflicted Mankind.

"You of the younger generation," said the dentist recently, "don't appreciate the [illegible] of the conquest of toothache that dentistry has made. Toothache is the worst torture that ever afflicted mankind. Its pains—lancinating, are [illegible] called agonies of [illegible] cancer. Worse than cancer, that is the truth. I have heard it from physicians. I have heard it from three old people whom cancer finally killed. They all said that the pain of cancer at its worst was mild beside the pain of the worst toothache.

"Toothache drove De Quincey to opium eating. De Quincey, too, says in his 'Opium Eater'—like all dentists, I have the passage by heart:

"'No stronger expression of toothache's intensity and searching fierceness can be imagined than this fact, that within my private knowledge two persons who had suffered alike under toothache and cancer have pronounced the former to be on the scale of torture by many degrees the worse. In both there are, at times, fascinating pangs—keen, glancing, arrowy radiations of anguish, and upon these the basis of comparison is rested, paroxysm against paroxysm, with the result that I have stated.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A VERY PRETTY LETTER.

The Story of Byron's Proposal to Miss Milbanke.

Byron's proposal to his wife, Miss Milbanke, was made after sordid discussion and study and lacked all impulse. Lady Melbourne, who stood in his confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled his mind and prospects were, strenuously advised him to marry. She suggested a [illegible] lady, but Lord Byron fancied the idea of marrying Miss Milbanke.

"No," said Lady Melbourne, "Miss Milbanke will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now, and your want money immediately. In the next place, you want a person who will have great admiration for your genius; she has too great an admiration for herself."

"Well," said Byron, "as you please."

And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady Melbourne. He received a refusal.

"Now, you see," said he, "Miss Milbanke is to be the person, after all. I will write to her."

As soon as he had finished his friend, still remonstrating, read the note and observed:

"Well, really, this is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go."

"Then it shall go," exclaimed Byron. And so saying he sealed and sent the fiat of his unhappy fate.

Rapid Transit.

An express on a certain railroad was tearing away at a wild and awe inspiring rate of six miles an hour, when all of a sudden it stopped altogether. Most of the passengers did not notice the difference, but one of them happened to be somewhat anxious to reach his destination before old age claimed him for its own. He put his head through the window to find that the cause of the stop was a cow on the track. After awhile they continued the journey for half an hour or so, and then—another stop.

"What's wrong now?" asked the impatient passenger of the conductor.

"A cow on the track."

"But I thought you drove it off."

"So we did," said the conductor, "but we caught up with it again."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Cheapest Way.

"That tobacco ye're smokin' has a richt bonnie smell, Wullie," said the Caledonian tradesman.

"Aye!" assented Willie. "An' it's guid tobacco and cheap. In fact, I get it cheaper than the tobacconist hissel'!"

"Hoots, mon!" exclaimed the knowing tradesman. "That's an impossibeelity! Ye canna' get it cheaper than the tobacconist hissel'! It isna likely."

"Aye, but I do," asserted Willie, lowering his voice. "Ye see, there happens to be a brither o' my ain wife's in the shop!"

Breaking It Gently.

"I understand, sir, that you are the possessor of a swollen fortune."

"Well," gruffly answered the beautiful girl's father, "what is that to you?"

"I merely thought that I would give you due notice of my intention to help take the swelling out of it. Myrtle and I are going to be married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Terrible Tests.

"So you are still looking for an honest man?"

"I am," answered Diogenes.

"What is the lantern for?"

"That's to test him with. I am going to lend him the lantern, and if he brings that [illegible] with an [illegible]."—Washington Star.

One Good Feature.

"I am not [illegible]. Each day I do something that makes me worry."

"That's bad."

"Well, each new worry makes me forget the worry of yesterday. It might be worse."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical.

Sillicus—What do you consider is the proper time for a man to marry? Cynicus—Oh, I suppose when he hasn't anything else to worry him.—Philadelphia Record.

Before accepting a favor look for the string that may be tied to it.—Atchison Globe.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

HOLES IN GLASS.

They Are Too Tiny to See, but Air Can Work Through Them.

Ordinary tumblers will hold water because the globules of water are too big to squeeze out through the glass. But glass is as full of holes as a sponge, and air blows right through it because the specks of air are smaller than the holes.

Put a bell into a big globe of glass, seal up the vessel, pump out all the air, then ring the bell inside, and you hear nothing. There is not air enough in the globe to carry a sound. But lay the globe aside for a month or so, and no matter how carefully you have sealed up the neck, you will find that you then can hear the bell when you ring it. Air has got into that globe. Enough anyway to carry a sound has leaked in through the substance of the glass.

The ordinary incandescent lamp is a glass globe with the air pumped out, and after a few months sufficient air leaks through to dim the light which comes from the thread of electric charcoal inside.

We can make plenty of vessels to hold water, but nothing has been made which will hold air without any leakage. The air sneaks in through holes which are too small for the human mind to imagine.

In fact, everything leaks.—London Answers.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A Theory That It Will Come by Fire Caused by Friction.

As to the length of time the earth is likely to last, the calculations are that it will not cease to be active for a good many millions of years, such activity not, however, necessarily supposing that life as we know it now will always be possible, the eventuality of a universal ice age being always a contingency that may occur again in the history of the globe.

It is interesting to note that in this connection a Swedish mystic called Stromberg has declared that the world would never know another ice age, but that it was now running out its course to the end. Its existence, he declared, would endure as long as the internal fire in the earth's bowels—that is, until the whole mass shall have become solidified. The internal fire, he said, provided the link which maintained the earth in the sun's sphere of attraction. When this attraction shall fail, the earth, according to the Swede, will cease to revolve and will fall away, only to disappear by fire caused by friction, thus verifying the Biblical prophecy. As, however, the process of cooling down entirely will take some billions of years, the nervous person will note that there is really no immediate cause for alarm.—New York World.

Pepsin, Saliva and Gastric Juice.

Pepsin, the principal agent in the digestion of food, is a powerful solvent stored up in the walls of the stomach and only poured forth when its assistance is needed. When pure, this fluid is perfectly neutral, neither acid nor alkaline, and appears to be unable to exert any action without the presence of an acid. Such acid is supplied in the gastric juice, secreted by the gastric follicles covering the coating of the stomach. The saliva is merely for the purpose of moistening the food, thus preparing it for the action of the pepsin and gastric fluids.—New York American.

Shawls.

An Indian or a Persian shawl used to be considered one of the finest feminine possessions in the world, and they were handed down from mother to daughter as prized heirlooms. But now if you gave a young woman even a very elegant shawl, costing possibly hundreds of dollars, as many did, she would turn up her beautiful nose at it and if she used it at all would make a portiere out of it for her cozy corner. She would never think of wearing it, even if it were the only thing she had.—Argonaut.

That Voice.

Before Marriage—"Oh, my darling, your voice is as musical to me as a vesper bell whose tones fall softly on the perfumed air. Speak again and say those words, my beloved, for I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished in everlasting night."

After Marriage—"I've had enough of your clapper, old woman, and if you don't shut up I'll leave the house."—London Globe.

His Glasses.

Once that genial comedian Peter Dailey consulted an oculist about his eyes. His nose was small, and he couldn't keep on the glasses with which the oculist was trying to fit him. "You are not used to glasses, Mr. Dailey," said the oculist. "Oh, yes, I am," replied Mr. Dailey, "but not so high."

Wearing Apparel.

Customs Officer (to woman traveler from the continent)—I thought you said, madam, there was nothing but wearing apparel in your trunk. What about these three bottles of cognac?

"Oh, those," said the lady, "are my night caps."—Tit-Bits.

Bulls.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to an audience of three, "as there is nobody here I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated tomorrow evening."

Without danger danger cannot be surmounted.—Publius Syrus.

DODGING THE SPEAKER.

One of the First Cases of Filibustering In Congress.

One of the first instances of filibustering occurred in 1805 just after the impeachment trial of the Hon. Samuel Chase, one of the associate justices of the supreme court. A quarrel arose over the payment of witnesses. The house of representatives would pass no bill which provided for the payment of those summoned by Chase. The senate would pass no bill which did not, and a conference followed. Each refused to yield, and the bill was lost.

John Randolph then attempted in the closing hours of the session to have the witnesses for the managers of the trial paid out of the contingent fund of the house. But the Federalists were ready. They hurried from the room, and when the vote was taken the speaker announced no quorum. Members were thereupon summoned from the lobby and committee rooms. Hardly were they in their seats when a message from the president was announced, and while the clerk was reading it the Federalists again left the room, so that when the resolution was a second time called up there was again no quorum. Once more the sergeant at arms went into the lobby, and once more the members came in. But an enrolled bill was reported, and while the speaker was signing it the Federalists a third time slipped out. The announcement of no quorum which followed was greeted with shouts of laughter. Randolph in a great passion desisted, and late on the evening of Sunday, March 3, 1805, the Eighth congress ended.—Baltimore American.

SCIENCE AND TEARS.

Weapon of the Heroine Coolly Analyzed by French Chemist.

One does not care to have one's tears analyzed like a patent food or medicine and to associate them with chemical substances, but we are nothing if not practical nowadays, and every shred of romance, poetry and sentiment is remorselessly wrenched from us for scientific purposes.

A French journal devoted to matters of this kind has been telling us not only of what tears are composed, but exactly the effect that is produced on brain and body when we shed them.

So henceforth when we read that the heroine's "beautiful eyes were suffused with tears," that "in a moment she was weeping passionately on his shoulder," we shall know that by a kind of shower bath arrangement a mixture of albuminoid, water and chemical substances was let loose at the back of her skull, thus chilling the nerve centers and really giving her relief.

However, it does not sound romantic, and more than is likely to laugh at the thing [illegible] really [illegible] when all this happens.—Gentlewoman.

Not So Funny After All.

On one of the cruises out of Rockland we ran into Castine, Me., where crowds of visitors boarded the ship. One old grizzled farmer fell into the hands of a youngster from Montana. For the time being ventilators became torpedo tubes, those "sticks" up in the air were to hold up fog nets, the ropes were clotheslines, the engines ran by radium and the Hartford was the fastest ship afloat.

The old man seemed deeply interested, especially in the chute for getting overboard, the legs and arms that might be adrift in action and the value for letting out whatever water might run into the ship. When he finally went over the side he was profuse in his thanks. Turning to his escort, he drew out his card, on which was engraved, "—— ——, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Retired," and said, "The old ship has changed since I commanded her."—Army and Navy Life.

The Whole Business.

A very young housekeeper went to market to purchase a spring chicken. After selecting one and inquiring the price she said:

"Isn't 3 shillings rather high? The poulterer in our road only charged me 2s. 9d. the other day."

"With the feet on?" asked the salesman.

"No, I believe, now you mention it, the feet were cut off," she replied, with some hesitation.

"I thought so," said the man at the stall. "When we sell a fowl here, ma'am, we sell it feet and all."—London Scraps.

Insect Notes.

The slow [illegible] of a butterfly's wing produces no [illegible] sound. When the movements are rapid a noise is produced which [illegible] with the number of vibrations. [illegible] the house fly which produces [illegible] 21,120 times a minute, or 352 times a second. A [illegible] 26,400 times [illegible] a second. A tired bee [illegible] theory [illegible] only 330 times a second.

Experience.

Johnny Smoke—Cigarettes is dead easy to learn to. Jimmy—Gee! Where did yer git dat idee? Johnny—From pop. Jimmy—Aw, he was jist stringin' yer. Johnny—No, he wuzn't stringin' me. He wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I know it hurts.—Philadelphia Press.

Beyond Him.

"There's only one thing the armless wonder can't do with his feet," said the showman.

"What's that?" asked a spectator.

"Put on his gloves," answered the showman.

Mingle a little gayety with your grave pursuits.—Horace.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Geo. R. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—W. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doylin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, L. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—F. R. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. R. Hadley, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—H. R. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—F. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
B. F. WHITE, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. [illegible], Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. [illegible].
MRS. E. A. [illegible], Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 21, meets in every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. [illegible], Pres.
JENNIE [illegible], Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Barris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"LABOR, TRADE AND CAPITAL"

By O. HENRY

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Across our two dishes of spaghetti, in a corner of Provenzano's restaurant, Jeff Peters was explaining to me the three kinds of graft.

Every winter Jeff comes to New York to eat spaghetti, to watch the shipping in East river from the depths of his chinchilla overcoat, and to lay in a supply of Chicago-made clothing at one of the Fulton street stores. During the other three seasons he may be found further west—his range is from Spokane to Tampa. In his profession he takes a pride which he supports and defends with a serious and unique philosophy of ethics. His profession is no new one. He is an incorporated, uncapitalized, unlimited asylum for the reception of the restless and unwise dollars of his fellowmen.

In the wilderness of stone in which Jeff seeks his annual lonely holiday he is glad to palaver of his many adventures, as a boy will whistle after sundown in a wood. Wherefore, I mark on my calendar the time of his coming, and open a question of privilege at Provenzano's concerning the little wine-stained table in the corner between the rakish rubber plant and the framed palazzo della something on the wall.

"There are two kinds of grafts," said Jeff, "that ought to be wiped out by law. I mean Wall street speculation, and burglary."

"Nearly everybody will agree with you as to one of them," said I, with a laugh.

"Well, burglary ought to be wiped out, too," said Jeff, and I wondered whether the laugh had been redundant.

"About three months ago," said Jeff, "it was my privilege to become familiar with a sample of each of the aforesaid branches of illegitimate art. I was sine qua grata with a member of the housebreakers' union and one of the John D. Napoleons of finance at the same time."

"Interesting combination," said I, with a yawn. "Did I tell you I bagged a duck and a ground-squirrel at one shot last week over in the Ramapos?" I knew well how to draw Jeff's stories.

"Let me tell you first about these barnacles that clog the wheels of society by poisoning the springs of rectitude with their upas-like eye," said Jeff, with the pure gleam of the muck-raker in his own.

"As I said, three months ago I got into bad company. There are two times in a man's life when he does this—when he's dead broke, and when he's rich.

"Now and then the most legitimate business runs out of luck. It was out in Arkansas I made the wrong turn at a cross-road, and drives into this town of Peavine by mistake. It seems I had already assaulted the disfigured Peavine the spring of the year before. I had sold $600 worth of young fruit trees there— plums, cherries, peaches and pears. The Peaviners were keeping an eye on the country road and hoping I might pass that way again. I drove down Main street as far as the Crystal Palace drug store before I realized I had committed ambush upon myself and my white horse Bill.

"The Peaviners took me by surprise and Bill by the bridle and began a conversation that wasn't entirely disassociated with the subject of fruit trees. A committee of 'em ran some trace chains through the armholes of my vest, and escorted me through their gardens and orchards.

"Their fruit trees hadn't lived up to their labels. Most of 'em had turned out to be persimmons and dogwoods, with a grove or two of blackjacks and poplars. The only one that showed any signs of bearing anything was a fine young cottonwood that had put forth a hornet's nest and half of an old corset-cover.

"The Peaviners protracted our fruitless stroll to the edge of town. They took my watch and money on account; and they kept Bill and the wagon as hostages. They said the first time one of them dogwood trees put forth an Amsden's June peach I might come back and get my things. Then they took off the trace chain and jerked their thumbs in the direction of the Rocky mountains; and I struck a Lewis and Clark lope for the swollen rivers and impenetrable forests.

"When I regained conscientiousness I found myself walking into an unidentified town on the A., T. & S. F. railroad. The Peaviners hadn't left anything in my pockets except a plug of chewing—they wasn't after my life—and that saved it. I bit off a chunk and sits down on a pile of ties by the track to recogitate my sensations of thought and perspicacity.

"And then along comes a fast freight which slows up a little at the town, and off of it drops a black bundle that rolls for 20 yards in a cloud of dust and then gets up and begins to spit soft coal and interjections. I see it is a young man, broad across the face, dressed more for Pullmans than freights, and with a cheerful kind of smile in spite of it all that made Phoebe Snow's job look like a chimney sweep's.

"'Fall off?' says I.

"'Nunk,' says he. 'Got off. Arrived at my destination. What town is this?'

"'Haven't looked it up on the map yet,' says I. 'I got in about five minutes before you did. How does it strike you?'

"'Hard,' says he, twisting one of his arms around. 'I believe that shoulder—no, it's all right.'

"He stoops over to brush the dust off his clothes, when out of his pocket drops a fine, nine-inch burglar's steel jimmy. He picks it up and looks at me sharp, and then grins and holds out his hand.

"'Brother,' says he, 'greetings. Didn't I see you in southern Missouri last summer selling colored sand at half-a-dollar a teaspoonful to put into lamps to keep the oil from exploding?'

"'Oil,' says I, 'never explodes. It's the gas that forms that explodes.' But I shakes hands with him, anyway.

"'My name's Bill Bassett,' says he to me, 'and if you'll call it professional pride, instead of conceit, I'll inform you that you have the pleasure of meeting the best burglar that ever set a gum-shoe on ground drained by the Mississippi river.'

"Well, me and this Bill Bassett sits on the ties and exchanges brags as artists in kindred lines will do. It seems he didn't have a cent, either, and we went into close caucus. He explained why an able burglar sometimes has to travel on freights by telling me that a servant girl had played him false in Little Rock, and he was making a quick get-away.

"'It's part of my business,' says Bill Bassett, 'to play up to the ruffles when I want to make a riffle as a Raffles. 'Tis loves that makes the bit go 'round. Show me a house with the swag in it and a pretty parlor-maid, and you might as well call the silver melted down and sold, and me spelling truffles and that Chateau trick on the napkin under my chin, while the police are calling it an inside job just because the old lady's nephew teaches a bible class. I first make an impression on the girl,' says Bill, 'and when she lets me inside I make an impression on the locks. But this one in Little Rock done me,' says he. 'She saw me taking a trolley ride with another girl, and when I came 'round on the night she was to leave the door open for me it was fast. And I had keys made for the doors upstairs. But, no sir. She had sure cut off my locks. She was a Delilah,' says Bill Bassett.

"It seems that Bill tried to break in anyhow with his jimmy, but the girl emitted a succession of bravura noises like the top-riders of a tally-ho, and Bill had to take all the hurdles between there and the depot. As he had no baggage they tried hard to check his departure, but he made a train that was just pulling out.

"'Well,' says Bill Bassett, when we had exchanged memoirs of our dead lives, 'I could eat. This town don't look like it was kept under a Yale lock. Suppose we commit some mild atrocity that will bring in temporary expense money. I don't suppose you've brought along any hair tonic or rolled gold watch chains, or similar law-defying swindles that you could sell on the plaza to the pikers of the rarefied populace, have you?'

"'No,' says I, 'I left an elegant line of Patagonian diamond earrings and rainy-day sunbursts in my valise at Peavine. But they're to stay there till some of them blackgum trees begin to glut the market with yellow clings and Japanese plums. I reckon we can't count on them unless we take Luther Burbank in for a partner.'

"'Very well,' says Bassett, 'we'll do the best we can. Maybe after dark I'll borrow a hairpin from some lady, and open the Farmers & Drovers Marine bank with it.'

"While we was talking, up pulls a passenger train to the depot nearby. A person in a high hat gets off on the wrong side of the train and comes tripping down the track towards us. He was a little, fat man with a big nose and rat's eyes, but dressed expensive, and carrying a hand-satchel careful, as if it had eggs or railroad bonds in it. He passes by us and keeps on down the track, not appearing to notice the town.

"'Come on,' says Bill Bassett to me, starting after him.

"'Where?' I asks.

"'Lordy!' says Bill, 'had you forgot you was in the desert? Didn't you see Col. Manna drop down right before your eyes? Don't you hear the rustling of Gen. Raven's wings? I'm surprised at you, Elijah.'

"We overtook the stranger in the edge of some woods, and, as it was after sundown and in a quiet place, nobody saw us stop him. Bill takes the silk hat off his head and brushes it with his sleeve and puts it back.

"'What does this mean, sir?' says the man.

"'When I wore one of those,' says Bill, 'and felt embarrassed, I always done that. Not having one now I had to use yours. I hardly know how to begin, sir, in explaining our business with you, but I guess we'll try your pockets first.'

"Bill Bassett felt in all of them, and looked disgusted.

"'Not even a watch,' says he. 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you whited sculpture? Going about dressed like a head-waiter, and financed like a Count! You haven't even got carfare. What did you do with your transfer?'

"The man speaks up and says he has no assets or valuables of any sort. But Bassett takes his hand-satchel and opens it. Out comes some collars and socks and half a page of a newspaper clipped out. Bill reads the clipping careful, and holds out his hand to the held-up party.

"'Brother,' says he, 'greetings! Accept the apologies of friends. I am Bill Bassett, the burglar. Mr. Peters, you must make the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred E. Ricks. Shake hands. Mr. Peters,' says Bill, 'stands about halfway between me and you, Mr. Ricks, in the line of havoc and corruption. He always gives something for the money he gets. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Ricks—you and Mr. Peters. This is the first time I ever attended a full gathering of the national synod of sharks—housebreaking, swindling and financiering all represented. Please examine Mr. Ricks' credentials, Mr. Peters.'

"The piece of newspaper that Bill Bassett handed me had a good picture of this Ricks on it. It was a Chicago paper, and it had obloquies of Ricks in every paragraph. By reading it over I harvested the intelligence that said alleged Ricks had laid off all that portion of the state of Florida that lies under water into town lots and sold 'em to alleged innocent investors from his magnificently furnished offices in Chicago. After he had taken in a hundred thousand or so dollars one of these fussy purchasers that are always making trouble (I've had 'em actually try gold watches I've sold 'em with acid) took a cheap excursion down to the land where it is always just before supper to look at his lot and see if it didn't need a new paling or two on the fence, and market a few lemons in time for the Christmas present trade. He hires a surveyor to find his lot for him. They run the line out and find the flourishing town of Paradise Hollow, so advertised, to be about 40 rods and 16 poles S., 27 degrees E. of the middle of Lake Okeechobee. This man's lot was under 36 feet of water, and, besides, had been preempted so long by the alligators and gars that his title looked fishy.

"Naturally, the man goes back to Chicago and makes it as hot for Alfred E. Ricks as the morning after a prediction of snow by the weather bureau. Ricks defied the allegation, but he couldn't deny the alligators. One morning the papers come out with a column about it, and Ricks comes out by the fire-escape. It seems the alleged authorities had beat him to the safe-deposit box where he kept his winnings, and Ricks has to westward ho! with only footwear and a dozen 15½ English pokes in his shopping bag. He happened to have some mileage left in his book, and that took him as far as the town in the wilderness where he was spilled out on me and Bill Bassett as Elijah III, with not a raven in sight for any of us.

"Then this Alfred E. Ricks lets out a squeak that he is hungry, too, and passes up the hypothesis that he is good for the value, let alone the price, of a meal. And so, there was the three of us, representing, if we had a mind to draw syllogisms and parabolas, labor and trade and capital. Now, when trade has no capital there isn't a dicker to be made. And when capital has no money there's a stagnation in steak and onions. That put it up to the man with the jimmy.

"'Brother bushrangers,' says Bill Bassett, 'never yet, in trouble, did I desert a pal. Hard by, in yon wood, I seem to see unfurnished lodgings. Let us go there and wait till dark.'

"There was an old, deserted cabin in the grove, and we three took possession of it. After dark Bill Bassett tells us to wait, and goes out for half an hour. He comes back with a armful of bread and spareribs and pies.

"'Panhandled 'em at a farmhouse on Washita avenue,' says he. 'Eat, drink, and be leary.'

"The full moon was coming up bright, so we sat on the floor of the cabin and ate in the light of it. And this Bill Bassett begins to brag.

"'Sometimes,' says he, with his mouth full of country produce, 'I lose all patience with you people that think you are higher up in the profession than I am. Now, what could either of you do in the present emergency to set us on our feet again? Could you do it, Ricksy?'

"'I must confess, Mr. Bassett,' says Ricks, speaking nearly inaudible out of a slice of pie, 'that at this immediate juncture I could not, perhaps, promote an enterprise to relieve the situation. Large operations, such as I direct, naturally require careful preparation in advance. I—'

"'I know, Ricksy,' breaks in Bill Bassett. 'You needn't finish. You need $500 to make the first payment on a blonde typewriter, and four roomsful of quartered oak furniture. And you need $500 more for advertising contracts. And you need two weeks' time for the fish to begin to bite. Your line of relief would be about as useful in an emergency as advocating municipal ownership to cure a man suffocated by 80-cent gas. And your graft ain't much swifter, Brother Peters,' he winds up.

"'Oh,' says I, 'I haven't seen you turn anything into gold with your wand yet, Mr. Good Fairy. Most anybody could rub the magic ring for a little left-over victuals.'

"'That was only getting the pumpkin ready,' says Bassett, braggy and cheerful. 'The coach and six'll drive up to the door before you know it, Miss Cinderella. Maybe you've got some scheme under your sleeve-holders that will give us a start.'

"'Son,' says I, 'I'm fifteen years older than you are, and young enough yet to take out an endowment policy. I've been broke before. We can see the lights of that town not half a mile away. I learned under Montague Silver, the greatest street man that ever spoke from a wagon. There are hundreds of men walking those streets this moment with grease spots on their clothes. Give me a gasoline lamp, a dry-goods box, and a two-dollar bar of white castile soap, cut into little—'

"'Where's your two dollars?' sniggers Bill Bassett into my discourse. There was no use arguing with that burglar.

"'No,' he goes on; 'you're both babes-in-the-wood. Finance has closed the mahogany desk, and trade has put the shutters up. Both of you look to labor to start the wheels going. All right. You admit it. To-night I'll show you what Bill Bassett can do.'

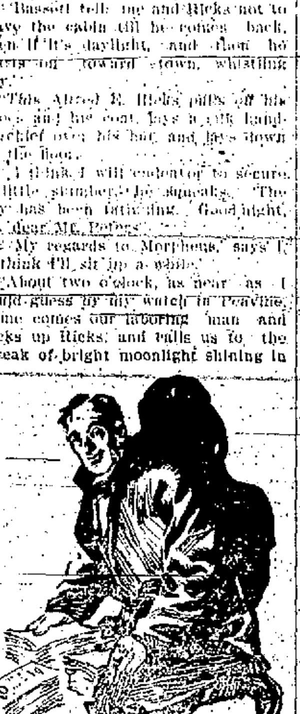
"Bassett tells me and Ricks not to leave the cabin till he comes back, even if it's daylight, and then he starts off toward town, whistling gay.

"This Alfred E. Ricks pulls off his shoes and his coat, lays a silk handkerchief over his hat, and lays down on the floor.

"'I think I will endeavor to secure a little slumber,' he squeaks. 'The day has been fatiguing. Good-night, my dear Mr. Peters.'

"'My regards to Morpheus,' says I. 'I think I'll sit up a while.'

"About two o'clock, as near as I could guess by my watch in Peavine, home comes our laboring man and kicks up Ricks and calls us to the streak of bright moonlight shining in the cabin door. Then he spreads out five packages of $1,000 each on the floor, and begins to cackle over the nest-egg like a hen.



Packages of $1,000 each.

"'I'll tell you a few things about that town,' says he. 'It's named Rocky Springs, and they're building a Masonic temple, and it looks like the Democratic candidate for mayor is going to get soaked by a Pop, and Judge Tucker's wife, who has been down with pleurisy, is some better. I had to talk on these lilliputian thesises before I could get a siphon in the fountain of knowledge that I was after. And there's a bank there called the Lumberman's Fidelity and Plowman's Savings Institution. It closed for business yesterday with $23,000 cash on hand. It will open this morning with $18,000—all silver—that's the reason I didn't bring more. There you are, trade and capital. Now, will you be bad?'

"'My young friend,' says Alfred E. Ricks, holding up his hands, 'have you robbed this bank? Dear me, dear me!'

"'You couldn't call it that,' says Bassett. 'Robbing' sounds harsh. All I had to do was to find out what street it was on. That town is so quiet that I could stand on the corner and hear the tumblers clicking in that safe lock—'right to 45; left twice to 80; right once to 60; left to 15'—as plain as the Yale captain giving orders in the football dialect. Now, boys,' says Bassett, 'this is an early rising town. They tell me the citizens are all up and stirring before daylight. I asked what for, and they said because breakfast was ready at that time. And what of merry Robin Hood? It must be Yoicks! and away with the tinkers' chorus. I'll stake you. How much do you want? Speak up, Capital.'

"'My dear young friend,' says this ground squirrel of a Ricks, standing on his hind legs and juggling nuts in his paws, 'I have friends in Denver who would assist me. If I had a hundred dollars I—'

"Bassett unpins a package of the currency and throws five twenties to Ricks.

"'Trade, how much?' he says to me.

"'Put your money up, Labor,' says I. 'I never yet drew upon honest toil for its hard-earned pittance. The dollars I get are surplus ones that are burning the pockets of damfools and weaklings. When I stand on a street corner and sell a solid gold-diamond ring to a yap for three dollars, I make just $2.60. And I know he's going to give it to a girl in return for all the benefits accruing from a $125 ring. His profits are $122. Which of us is the biggest fakir?'

"Well, burglary ought to be wiped out, too."

"'And when you sell a poor woman a pinch of sand for 50 cents to keep her lamp from exploding,' says Bassett, 'what do you figure her gross earnings to be, with sand at 40 cents a ton?'

"'Listen,' says I. 'I instruct her to keep her lamp clean and well filled. If she does that it can't burst. And with the sand in it she knows it can't, and she don't worry. It's a kind of Industrial Christian Science. She lays out 50 cents, and gets both Rockefeller and Mrs. Eddy on the job. It ain't everybody that can let the gold-dust twins do their work.'

"Alfred E. Ricks all but licks the dust off of Bill Bassett's shoes.

"'My dear young friend,' says he, 'I will never forget your generosity. Heaven will reward you. But let me implore you to turn from your ways of violence and crime.'

"'Mousie,' says Bill, 'the hole in the wainscoting for yours. Your dogmas and inculcations sound to me like the last words of a bicycle pump. What has your high moral, elevator-service system of pillage brought you to? Penuriousness and want. Even Brother Peters, who insists upon contaminating the art of robbery with theories of commerce and trade, admitted he was on the lift. Both of you live by the gilded rule. Brother Peters,' says Bill, 'you'd better choose a slice of this embalmed currency. You're welcome.'

"I told Bill Bassett once more to put his money in his pocket. I never had the respect for burglary that some people have. I always gave something for the money I took, even if it was only some little trifle for a souvenir to remind 'em not to get caught again.

"And then Alfred E. Ricks grovels at Bill's feet again, and bids us adieu. He says he will have a team at a farmhouse, and drive to the station below, and take the train for Denver. It salubrified the atmosphere when that lamentable boll-worm took his departure. He was a disgrace to every nonindustrial profession in the country. With all his big schemes and fine offices he had wound up unable even to get an honest meal except by the kindness of a strange and maybe unscrupulous burglar. I was glad to see him go, though I felt a little sorry for him, now that he was ruined forever. What could such a man do without a big capital to work with? Why, Alfred E. Ricks, as we left him, was as helpless as a turtle on its back. He couldn't have worked a scheme to beat a little girl out of a penny slate pencil.

"When me and Bill Bassett was left alone I did a little sleight-of-mind turn in my head, with a trade secret at the end of it. Thinks I, I'll show this Mr. Burglar Man the difference between business and labor. He had hurt some of my professional self-adulation by casting his Persians upon commerce and trade.

"'I won't take any of your money as a gift, Mr. Bassett,' says I to him, 'but if you'll pay my expenses as a traveling companion until we get out of the danger zone of the immoral deficit you have caused in this town's finances to-night, I'll be obliged.'

"Bill Bassett agreed to that, and we hiked westward as soon as we could catch a safe train.

"When we got to a town in Arizona called Los Perros I suggested that we once more try our luck on terra cotta. That was the home of Montague Silver, my old instructor, now retired from business. I knew Monty would stake me to web money if I could show him a fly buzzing 'round in the locality. Bill Bassett said all towns looked alike to him, as he worked mainly in the dark. So we got off the train in Los Perros, a fine little town in the silver region.

"I had an elegant little sure thing in the way of a commercial slungshot that I intended to hit Bassett behind the ear with. I wasn't going to take his money while he was asleep, but I was going to leave him with a lottery ticket that would represent in experience to him $5,755—I think that was the amount he had when he got off the train. But the first time I hinted to him about an investment, he turns on me and disencumbers himself of the following terms and expressions:

"'Brother Peters,' says he, 'it ain't a bad idea to go into an enterprise of some kind, as you suggest. I think I will. But if I do it will be such a cold proposition that nobody but Robert E. Peary and Charlie Fairbanks will be able to sit on the board of directors.'

"'I thought you might want to turn your money over,' says I.

"'I do,' says he, 'frequently. I can't sleep on one side all night. I'll tell you, Brother Peters,' says he, 'I'm going to start a poker room. I don't seem to care for the humdrum in swindling, such as peddling egg-beaters and working off breakfast food on Barnum and Bailey for sawdust to strew in their circus rings. But the gambling business,' says he, 'from the profitable side of the table is a good compromise between swiping silver spoons and selling penwipers at a Waldorf-Astoria charity bazaar.'

"'Then,' says I, 'Mr. Bassett, you don't care to talk over my little business proposition?'

"'Why,' says he, 'do you know, you can't get a Pasteur institute to start up within 50 miles of where I live. I bite so seldom.'

"So Bassett rents a room over a saloon and looks around for some furniture and chromos. The same night I went to Monty Silver's house, and he let me have $200 on my prospects. Then I went to the only store in Los Perros that sold playing cards and bought every deck in the house. The next morning when the store opened I was there, bringing all the cards back with me. I said that my partner that was going to back me in the game had changed his mind; and I wanted to sell the cards back again. The storekeeper took 'em at half price.

"Yes, I was $75 loser up to that time. But while I had the cards that night I marked every one in every deck. That's labor. And then trade and commerce had their innings, and the bread I had cast upon the waters began to come back in the form of cottage pudding with wine sauce.

"Of course I was among the first to buy chips at Bill Bassett's game. He had bought the only cards there was to be had in town; and I knew the back of every one of them better than I know the back of my head when the barber shows me my haircut in the two mirrors.

"When the game closed I had the six thousand and a few odd dollars, and all Bill Bassett had was the wanderlust and a black cat he had bought for a mascot. Bill shook hands with me when I left.

"'Brother Peters,' says he, 'I have no business being in business. I was preordained to labor. When a No. 1 burglar tries to make a James out of his jimmy he perpetrates an improfundity. You have a well-oiled and efficacious system of luck at cards,' says he. 'Peace go with you.' And I never afterward sees Bill Bassett again."

"Well, Jeff," said I, when the Autolycan adventurer seemed to have divulged the gist of his tale, "I hope you took care of the money. That would be a respecta—that is a considerable working capital if you should choose some day to settle down to some sort of regular business."

"Me?" said Jeff, virtuously. "You can bet I've taken care of that six thousand."

He tapped his coat over the region of his chest exultantly.

"Gold mining stock," he explained, "every cent of it. Shares par value one dollar. Bound to go up 500 per cent. within a year. Non-assessable. The Blue Gopher mine. Just discovered a month ago. Better get in yourself if you've any spare dollars on hand."

"Sometimes," said I, "these mines are not—"

"Oh, this one's solid as an old goose," said Jeff. "Fifty thousand dollars' worth of ore in sight, and ten per cent. monthly earnings guaranteed."

He drew a long envelope from his pocket and cast it on the table.

"Always carry it with me," said he. "So the burglar can't corrupt or the capitalist break in and water it."

I looked at the beautifully engraved certificate of stock.

"In Colorado, I see," said I. "And, by the way, Jeff, what was the name of the little man who went to Denver—the one you and Bill met at the station?"

"Alfred E. Ricks," said Jeff, "was the toad's designation."

"I see," said I, "the president of this mining company signs himself A. L. Fredericks. I was wondering—"

"Let me see that stock," said Jeff quickly, almost snatching it from me.

To mitigate, even though slightly, the embarrassment of the moment I summoned the waiter and ordered another bottle of the Barbera. I thought it was the least I could do.

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Disasters He Foretold Never Come to Pass.

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As a prophet William Jennings Bryan has never been a success. The calamities which he has foretold would have brought unlimited disaster to the country if they had ever been realized. But they never came to pass. The harrowing pictures which he painted were merely figments of his imagination, based on absolutely no foundation whatever.

It is well to have Americans remember that prophecies uttered by the orator of the Platte must be discounted fully 100 per cent, for all signs indicate that he feels the fates once more and is about to begin prophesying again. A male Cassandra, Mr. Bryan might by this time have learned that the forecast of evil will never be believed by those who have found that in the past his vaticinations have been but empty air.

"Driving Country to Ruin."

For instance, when Mr. Bryan was a member of the house of representatives in 1892 he was absolutely certain that protection was driving the country headlong to rack and ruin, and in his speech delivered March 16 of that year he drew the following agonizing pictures:

"Protection has been our cannibal tree, and as one after another of our farmers has been driven by the force of circumstances upon that tree and has been crushed within its folds his companions have stood around and shouted, 'Great is protection!' * * * Thus in every state, so far as these statistics have been collected, the proportion of home owning farmers is decreasing and that of tenant farmers increasing. This means but one thing. It means a land of landlords and tenants, and, backed by the history of every nation that has gone down, I say to you that no people can continue a free people under a free government when the great majority of its citizens are tenants of a small minority. Your system (protective tariff) has driven the farm owner from his land and substituted the farm tenant."

How far this picture portrays the America of today or the America of any year since he made that speech any American can answer. Even in Mr. Bryan's own state he can find an answer right at his doors, for the farm lands of Nebraska have doubled in value.

"Murderous Gold Standard."

But during the four years succeeding that speech Mr. Bryan's agitation grew no less nor did the demon which he had raised in his own imagination hide with diminished head, for in 1896 he again saw destitution threatening the country. He had a remedy for it, a panacea, a fetish which he held up for worship—free silver. Here are some of the things Mr. Bryan said would happen if the gold standard were continued:

"I reply that if protection has slain its thousands the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands."—From Speech at Democratic National Convention July, 1896.

"Do not let the Republicans beguile you about the future. The future is written in blood crushed out of you by gold."—From Speech at Erie, Pa., August, 1896.

"Ah, my friends, there is another reason why people have gone into the cities and left the farms. It is because your legislation has been causing the foreclosure of mortgages upon the farms. * * * Mark my words! If the gold standard goes on and people continue to complain the gold standard advocates instead of trying to improve the condition of the people will be recommending that you close your schools so that the people will not realize how much they are suffering." — From Speech at Monmouth, Ill., October, 1896.

But whom has the gold standard slain? What future did it write in blood? What district schools did it close? Again the condition of the country makes a calm reply confuting the impassioned orator.

Campaigning again in 1900 Mr. Bryan decided that imperialism was another danger to the country. If it were continued the Fourth of July would be forgotten by all Americans and the "spirit of '76" would become a thing of the past. Speaking at Lincoln Mr. Bryan said:

Sees Death of Patriotism.

"The fight this year will be to carry out the sentiment of that song we have so often repeated, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' If we lose, our children and our children's children will not succeed to the spirit of that song, and celebrations of the Fourth of July will pass away, for the spirit of the empire will be upon us."

Is there any spot in these United States where the spirit of 1776 is dead and forgotten and the Fourth of July a meaningless date on the calendar?

One of the most ridiculous of these prophecies was contained in a speech Mr. Bryan made in support of Judge Parker during the campaign of 1904, when he attacked President Roosevelt bitterly. This prophecy had it that military despotism was sure to follow the decrease in the size of the standing army. In this speech Mr. Bryan also emphasized the fact that he was then and always would be a firm believer in the principle of free silver. He summed up his position on this question in the following sentence:

"I believe today in the principles set forth at Chicago and Kansas City (16 to 1) and shall continue to fight for those principles."

DENIES THAT BRYAN "COULD DO NO HARM."

Congressman Burke Says Office of President Is Infinitely More Powerful Than Congress.

Congressman James Francis Burke of Pittsburg in an address on "The Powers of the President" says:

"The American people can make no greater mistake than to elect Mr. Bryan on the assumption that he can do no harm in the face of an adverse senate. As between the executive and legislative departments of the government, the former has infinitely greater power to rule and ruin than the latter.

"Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are wholly different types of men. Each possesses a strong individual character, which would certainly assert itself in the White House. What either of these men would do during a four years' term in the White House is causing as much anxiety among thoughtful Americans as the mere matter of the election alone.

"As a disburser of moneys the president is without a rival in the world. Through the agencies under his control he will this year disburse a billion dollars, showing the great things we are doing in adding to the unparalleled list of the world's achievements.

"In view of the fact that during the fifteen years of Bryan leadership the states controlled by his party have decreased from 23 to 12, the number of senators from 48 to 31, the number of representatives in congress from 220 to 164, and in that time the Democratic party was in control of the ground, whereas it is now, as a consequence of his teachings, a hopelessly heterogeneous mass of Populistic elements, the American people can see little prospects of a constructive policy if Mr. Bryan should succeed."

Things Bryan Would Forget.

The most important, because the most curiously novel, feature of Mr. Bryan's address is his apotheosis of the party platform. A new doctrine of infallibility is embodied in these sentences at the very beginning of Mr. Bryan's speech:

A platform is binding as to what it omits as well as to what it contains. A platform announces a party's position on the questions which are at issue, and an official is not at liberty to use the authority vested in him to urge personal views which have not been submitted to the voters for their approval.

It is natural that Mr. Bryan should disavow certain "omitted issues," such as free silver, government ownership of railroads, the initiative and referendum, attacks upon the courts and other theories which at times he sanctioned overhastily in the past. But he is unfortunate in his manner of expressing that disavowal.

A party platform is not political holy writ. The American people choose for president a man, not a clerk, to carry out the orders of a convention committee. A platform is not a prophetic code of conduct, but a summary of basic principles, to be altered, amended or enlarged according to the country's needs.—Philadelphia North American.

Union Labor Vote.

Hon. William H. Buchanan is one of the leading union men of western New York and in 1907 was the Democratic candidate for assemblyman in Chautauqua county. This is what he has to say of the effort of Mr. Gompers to turn the labor vote over to Mr. Bryan:

"I am a union labor man, and I want to say further that no man can carry the labor vote into the Democratic camp. I know how union labor men feel in this city, and three-fourths of them will stand by the Republican party because only in that way have they the assurance of freedom from the business disturbance that Mr. Bryan promises for at least four years if he can be elected. We workingmen can't earn wages if statesmen are put in office to disturb business and make trouble."

Campaign Funds.

"We welcome Mr. Taft to this advanced ground," said Mr. Bryan in one of his numerous interviews since the Denver convention. The ground referred to is Mr. Taft's statement that no campaign contributions would be received from corporations. Mr. Bryan intended to convey the impression that Mr. Taft had come to that determination after the Denver convention. In that the Democratic "peerless one" is not honest. Mr. Taft is a law abiding citizen. Such contributions are unlawful, made so by a law passed by a Republican congress at the instance of a Republican administration of which Judge Taft was a part six months before the Denver convention. Be honest, Mr. Bryan, if you can!

Keeping In the Spotlight.

Candidate Chafin, having fallen into the water tank out west and having stopped half a brick with his person at Springfield, will, if he is going to keep in the limelight, have to lose his diamonds or do a buck and wing with Mrs. Nation.—Minneapolis Journal.

Kernology.

It is said the Democratic vice presidential candidate is not a vegetarian after all. Kernivorous, eh? Help! Police!—New York Mail.

Not a Wail For Bryan.

"Let us have the worst," says the Brooklyn Eagle. That sounds like, though it isn't a declaration for Bryan.—New York Tribune.

Candidate Sherman has been presented with a loving cup. The next thing in order is to present Candidate Kern with a shaving cup.—Omaha Bee.

"An aggregation of experimental malcontents and theorists," Mr. Sherman's description of the Democratic party, is a phrase that hits the target right in the center.

Honors are easy again. Every time Mr. Taft buys a new horse Mr. Bryan mounts a new hobby.—Omaha Bee.

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HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
P. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG

I carry in stock
a complete line
of 4 inch TILE,
Ys, Ts, Curves,
Ls, Traps, etc.

These Tile are
good quality at
right prices.

Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUDIN BLOCK, SMETHPORT

FOR YOUNG OR OLD
THE BEST PILL SOLD
Ring's
Little Liver Pills